

Sports Illustrated

THE BLACK ATHLETE Part 3

JULY 15, 1966 48 CENTS

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BY RAY NITSCHKE



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Next week

AN INVADING FORCE of U.S. golfers, including Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Billy Casper, hopes to return from famed Camouze with the 1968 British Open title.

BEST SWIMMING COACH in the world is the consensus on George Haines of the Santa Clara Swim Club. Coles Phinizy introduces Haines and his star protégé, Mark Spitz.

HARVARD OR PENNY? One or the other of these college crews is America's best. The Olympic trials at Long Beach will decide the question, and Hugh Whall will be there to report.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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One of the most fascinating things about Mexico City is that it is an *olla podrida* of the very old and the very new. Glass-sided skyscrapers loom above pre-Columbian ruins. An Indian with a face off a Mayan sculpture thrusts a peso in a slot in a self-service cafeteria to buy an enchilada. Nowhere else in the hemisphere does the tourist get such a vivid sense of living history, and this is particularly true nowadays as Mexico City prepares for the Olympics. It is this rather awesome sensation that we have sought to elicit in the illustrations accompanying our travelers' preview of Olympic Mexico (page 44), in which we portray statues of athletes hundreds of years old alongside contemporary renderings of Olympic stadiums.

In pre-Hispanic Mexico the most popular sports were foot racing and the sacred ball game, whose participants are depicted in the statuary. The victorious runners often were chosen to be royal messengers, while the winners of the old ball game got their reward, too: many of the ball courts had sacrificial altars where, as a tribute to the gods, the captains of the triumphant teams were occasionally decapitated—that is, if they had survived until then. The games could last several days and it was not uncommon for players to die of exhaustion.

Since modern Mexico City is built on top of Montezuma's ancient capital, recent construction is revealing more and more of the city's past. Workers grading a parking lot next to the Olympic Village uncovered a pyramid. In tunneling for the subway that Mexico City is trying to complete in time for the 1970 World Cup soccer matches, tons of artifacts, some similar to the statues of the athletes, have been excavated; many of these will be used in vitrines in subway stations where they were found.

More recent history will be dramatized by the elaborate journey of the

Olympic torch. Runners will carry it from Olympia to Athens, where a Greek ship will take it to Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus. From there an Italian vessel will carry the torch to Barcelona so that Spanish runners can relay it to Palos, the port from which Columbus sailed. A Spanish navy ship conveying the torch will retrace Columbus' route across the Atlantic to San Salvador Island, where he supposedly first stepped ashore, and a Mexican navy ship will take it from there to Veracruz, where Cortés landed. Next it will be carried overland to the top of the Pyramid of the Sun in Teotihuacán. It is scheduled to arrive there on the eve of the Games.

On opening day relay runners will bear the torch down streets that were laid out in Montezuma's day. These will be painted in broad, colored stripes to guide traffic to the Olympic venues. The stripes are the work of a team of young graphic artists, designers and architects headed by Eduardo Terrazas. One of his relatives once owned the state of Chihuahua—which is roughly the size of Oregon—in pre-revolutionary days.

Terrazas' committee not only painted the streets, it designed stamps, balloons, maps, posters, street signs, tickets, dresses for hostesses, even earrings. Its mission was to give the world an image of contemporary Mexico to go along with the old, and it has done this so well that the graphics have been exhibited in Milan and New York and will be featured this fall in a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Olympic exhibit in the Time and Life Building in New York. The show will run from September 27 until the end of October, and all SI readers are invited.

Gary Hall

the thirst slaker

Falstaff—brewed clear
to drink fresh.
The one that
wets down a thirst
with cold,
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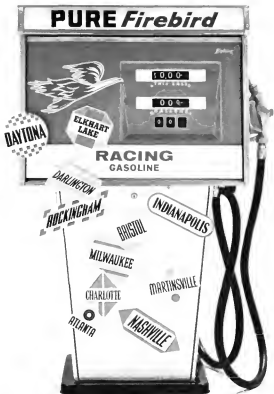
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BOOKTALK

If you want to take Mr. Graziano's advice, you'll go and get yourself a physical fit

On the theory that "everybody should have himself a physical fit," the engaging Rocky Graziano, actor and former middleweight champion, has lent his special kind of eloquence, with the help of Rowland Barber, to the production of a book called *The Rocky Road to Physical Fitness* (G-R-Z Publishers, soft cover, \$2.95).

After he entered show business 15 years ago, confides Rocky, he more or less went to pot, a fact that shows prominently in profile views of his "before" condition. Even the "after" picture at the end of the book does not establish that he has once again become a ripple-bellied killer, but it does show improvement of an encouraging sort.

In between these takes the reader sees Rocky engaged in such health-giving exercises as The Guru Goombah, The Zero Yard Dash, The Yardbird Flap and The Spotlight Rubberneck.

For all that it is gimmicked with such exotic fantasies, Rocky's book does offer a serious program of exercises to develop the body's muscular system and, more importantly, to contribute to the health of the heart and the lungs. Graziano and his collaborator do not suggest that the job will be all that easy or that it takes no will-power, or that 10 minutes of effortless activity per day will make you look like an early Charles Atlas ad. Rather, they insist, the course is relatively rigorous.

It begins in the morning with 20 minutes of such calisthenics as The Stationhouse Frisk and continues on to 10 or 15 pre-lunchtime minutes of The Chairman-of-the-Board Push-out. The regimen forbids flaking out with two or three dry martini before dinner but, in their stead, commands 15 to 30 minutes of The Rocky-and-Roll, The Knee Grabber and The Grand and Glorious Cast of Thousands Rope-skip Jubilee. And that doesn't end it. Before you go to bed you should have a go at The Torso Unscrewer, The Bometrix Scrunch-up and The Gut-rock Flutter. For that matter, there is no rest on weekends, either, for then The Take-out-the-dog Trot is advised.

None of the exercises are really new, but they make an interesting combination of what Rocky "remembered from what my old trainer, Whitey Binstein, learned me" from yoga, and a number of conventional exercises, none of them exhausting or too difficult if approached with caution at the beginning of the routine. In 30 days you could wind up looking like Rocky Graziano. And even if you don't, you'll have, along with your still ample profile, a happy memory of some diverting reading.

—MARTIN KANE



See your pro. Buy three Maximas, play one. If you don't think it's the hottest ball you ever played, send all three back to First Flight and we'll send you back your money. First Flight's new Maxima Acrylic centers in green-medium and black-high compressions. \$14.75 a dozen. **First Flight** ▷ Chattanooga, Tennessee. Custom built woods and irons, golf balls, and Hot-Z golf bags. At pro shops only.

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rent a car bill, bug us.
Especially if it's in our favor.

When an Avis girl adds $2+2$
and gets 3, we only lose money.
If she gets 5, we lose customers.

And we don't want our shiny
new Plymouths spoiled by a
simple mistake in arithmetic.

We try harder.

Vista will send 6000 volunteers to one country this year.



Nations all over the globe have serious problems. But here in America, we have some urgent problems of our own:

30 million Americans live in poverty.

Slums make up 20% of the average American city.

Last year alone, more than half a million youngsters dropped out of school and into big trouble.

In 12 Appalachian states, one million workers can't get jobs.

500,000 migrant workers have an income of less than \$1,000 a year, and less than a 4th-grade education.

The way of life for most of America's 400,000 reservation

Indians usually means malnutrition, disease and an early end—at an average age of 42.

The list goes on and on.

That's why VISTA volunteers, men and women, young and old, spend every hour of every day for 52 weeks, attacking poverty in their own back yard.

In alliance with the poor, VISTAs try to replace frustration with hope. They try to overcome apathy with community involvement, community organization and community action.

VISTA isn't a hand-out program. VISTA volunteers live and work among America's poor,

helping them to help themselves out of poverty.

It's a tough job, with rotten hours and low pay.

But maybe it's the most exciting human adventure of our time.

If you want to find out for yourself, write VISTA, Box K, Office of Economic Opportunity, Washington, D.C. 20506.

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1769: Gordon's Gin

If the King of England had been a gin connoisseur, he'd probably have knighted Alexander Gordon for "dryness above and beyond the call of duty." Gordon's famous gin, however, has made many nights for martini buffs. Days too. Biggest seller in England, America, the world.



1968: Gordon's 'Velvet Crown'

Velvet because it's smooth. Crown because it's a royal drink. Delicious because it's the first time the grain has been mixed with the grape to produce a drink fit for a king! To 1 1/4 oz. Glorious Gordon's Gin, add 3 oz. grape juice and the juice of 1/2 lemon. Fizz with a splash of soda and serve over ice.



What will the English think of next?

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All gasolines are not created equal.

Gasolines are made by man. And so they differ, depending on the men who make them.

The men who make Mobil Gasoline have recently added something that really makes our gasoline special—an engine Detergent.

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Not just a carburetor cleanser. A lot of companies have that. But an engine cleanser.

New Mobil Detergent Gasoline actually starts cleaning your engine within one mile. And helps keep your engine clean, while you drive.

So?

So, the cleaner you make your engine, the smoother it'll run. The less gasoline you'll waste. The longer your car will last.

And the less chance you'll have of stalling. Or having a breakdown. Or being stuck with a big repair bill.

We think we've destroyed the myth that "Gas is gas."

Because our new gasoline is not just equal, but better:

Better than it was before.

Better for your car.

Better. Because we decided that the way to make you stop at a Mobil Station, instead of another station, is to give you something better to stop for.

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Detergent Gasoline



The marketing gap.

A current report on a profound change in American family buying habits and its profit and loss implications for today's mass marketers.

A quiet revolution.

During the past decade, a series of investigations has brought to light a quiet revolution in the marketplace. Almost unnoticed, the buying process has undergone a fundamental change which suggests that a great mass marketer may be operating under principles which are not in step with today's realities of family buying.

"The housewife normally wishes to buy things which will please members of the family provided this does not conflict with her own views of what is right, proper, healthy, and esthetic. Through their behavior, however, the other family members exert pressure to enable her to buy the things that satisfy their own desires."

—Consumer Behavior and the Behavioral Sciences, Stewart Hendler, 506 Bell Editor, published by John Wiley and Sons, Inc.

"Husbands are no longer passive onlookers, but both advisers and actual selectors and purchasers of many products which were previously selected by the wife."

from a report on current marketing findings by Dr. Helen Hacker, Dept. of Sociology, Adelphi University

This revolution begins at home.

A generation ago, most Americans' life style could be summed up in a triple cliché:

Husband: the breadwinner (long hours, low pay)

Woman's place: in the home (responsible for household purchases)

Children: seen and not heard (period)

A generation later, everything changed

Husband: high salary, shorter work week, longer vacation, more leisure time

Wife: frequently working, spending more time out of the home.

Children: greater affluence, independence

The family, once rigidly organized, with members' roles explicitly defined and mutually exclusive, has now become a unit of great fluidity and flexibility. There is now more sharing of authority, less division of labor, greater communication and interaction between husband and wife, and growing influence by teenagers on household decisions.

A new life style emerges.

In effect, a drastically new and irrevocable life style characterized externally by high incomes, a wide range of spending options, better educations, increased mobility, and a general heightening of living standards manifested by burgeoning sub-

urbanism. It is also characterized by a change in consumer behavior.

"Today's life style can be thought of as the patterned way of life into which family members fit various products, events or resources. It suggests that consumer purchasing is an interrelated, patterned phenomenon."

Arthur D. Little, Inc. for the Grocery Manufacturers of America, Inc.

According to leading sociologists, an increasingly conspicuous component of the "interrelated phenomenon" of consumer purchasing is male participation and influence.

"Men's special interests and vulnerabilities contribute to the experimentation with new brands and products which has characterized the major development in marketing in the last ten years."

—from a report by Dr. Helen Hacker

How do these appraisals of male importance bear up in the marketplace?

The visible man.

"Supermarkets had better take a closer look at the male shopper. Men have been accounting for a greater share of the total grocery bill."

—Queen Reynolds Resident Safeway Stores

Male participation in actual purchases is very much in evidence. For example, a study by Nowland and Company of supermarket shoppers revealed that on the last trip to the store where they buy most of their groceries the husband was present 50 percent of the time, either alone or with his wife. What's more, the study showed that the husband has a decisive voice in the grocery products bought.

"Who bought the grocery product last time?"
(Average of 15 grocery products)

Wife alone—53%
Husband with Wife—19%
Husband alone—22%
Others—6%

41%

Perhaps overshadowing the male's weight is an actual buyer, is his growing influence in purchasing decisions.

The far reaches of male influence.

A pioneering study conducted recently by L. Jaffe Associates sought to determine at what stage and to what degree the husband becomes involved in the purchase cycle. The study very

clearly indicates that in addition to the actual buying stage, there are critical pre-purchase and post-purchase stages during which the husband participates. He is also actively involved in seeking out information about the product.

Here, for instance, is a chart showing the relative influence of husbands and wives on the purchase of brands of coffee.

HUSBAND AND WIFE ROLES IN COFFEE-BUYING CYCLE

	Husbands	Wives
PLANNING		
The Initiator	40.0%	43.8%
Supplier (Brand)	42.9	91.8
BUYING		
The Purchaser	28.6	89.0
POST-PURCHASE		
The Processor	45.7	93.1
The Consumer (Satisfied)	94.3	98.6

The Jaffe coffee chart reveals that the husband sees himself as the initiator of coffee purchases as often as the wife sees herself in this role; is involved as the brand selector almost half the time, and apparently often joins in the decision on brand; considers himself a coffee buyer in almost 30% of the households; is very much involved in the physical aspects of processing and consumption.

For other food items and for household goods there is a corresponding incidence of male involvement—surprisingly strong in areas long considered almost the sole province of the female.

The age of consensus.

The Jaffe study opens up areas worthy of closer scrutiny—how much communication on brand preferences takes place between husband and wife; what influence does he or her views have on purchase behavior and brand loyalties?

"There is considerable participation, expression of opinion and discussion on the part of important family members (wives, husbands, teenage sons and daughters) when it comes to the brand decisions on many package goods and household items. The preferences of especially the wife and the husband are taken into consideration in a majority of the actual purchase decisions over a wide range of product categories."

—Marketing Research and Development, Dr. Leonard R. Leshner

The most recent large-scale study, conducted by Learner Marketing Research & Development, sought to measure the weight of this verbal interchange and its influence on brand preferences.

First, the Learner project produced statistics showing how often husbands commented on brand preferences—when rated by their wives and separately rated by themselves. As the table below shows, there is a remarkable correlation between the two spouses on the frequency of comments.

Frequency of brand comments among product users

	Wives about husbands	Husbands about themselves
Product Used	Has he ever commented on brand preference in the past month?	Have you ever commented on brand preference in the past month?
BEER	88%	61%
SOFT DRINKS	81	55
TOOTH PASTE	78	43
INSTANT COFFEE	78	38
SNACKS	76	46
CEREAL	75	42
DEODORANT	75	40
HEADACHE REMEDY	75	38
REGULAR COFFEE	75	39
BATH SOAP	70	40
TOILET WASH	70	34
SOLID	63	36
CANNED MEAT	65	25
FROZEN MAIN DISH	61	28
DOG FOOD	60	26
PEANUT BUTTER	60	25
DOG FOOD	59	30
CRACKERS	57	28
FROZEN VEGETABLES	56	26
SHAMPOO	54	23
SORT PUDDING	49	18

The Learner study further sought to measure how important the husband's comments were to the wife's brand decisions. In every instance but one (canned meat), housewives rated the importance of their husbands higher than the husbands rated themselves.

Finally, when wives and husbands were asked to comment on the husband's preferences (for the same group of products involving 86 top brands) as they affected the brand last purchased, the Learner findings revealed that

82% of the time the husband's preferred brand, according to the wives, was the brand last purchased.

79% of the time the man's preferred brand, according to the husbands, was the brand last purchased.

Agreement vs disagreement.

The significance of the combined influence of husband and wife on brands used was measured by Newland and Company for 15 different food store items. The findings revealed that agreement or disagreement on a brand makes a dramatic difference in terms of brands purchased.

NEWLAND STUDY
Per Cent of Preferred Brands
Found in Subsequent Household Inventory

Product Category	Family Consensus Households (47%)	Family Non-Consensus Households (53%)	Brand Preferred by Both in Brand in Household %	Brand Preferred by Wife Only in Brand in Household %	Brand Preferred by Husband Only in Brand in Household %
Cake Mix	71.2	57.3	7.6		
Canned Tuna	85.4	56.1	14.5		
Cat Food	88.4	52.2	20.9		
Cornup	81.4	51.2	16.3		
Dog Food	81.4	49.3	15.5		
Frozen Main Dish or Dinner	81.5	56.8	8.3		
Frozen Orange Juice	80.3	50.2	10.7		
Frozen Vegetables	80.2	56.0	19.4		
Ground Coffee	87.8	50.9	14.9		
Margarine	80.3	50.9	13.3		
Packaged Yellow Cheese	92.4	51.2	21.6		
Peanut Butter	88.4	56.3	16.2		
Salted Crackers	88.4	56.1	17.6		
Snack Crackers	80.5	47.5	16.9		
Soup	87.7	48.1	16.0		
Average of 15 Product Categories	86.0	53.4	15.5		

When husbands and wives agreed on a favorite brand, it was on hand in the pantry an average of 86% of the time... as opposed to only 53% for the wife's preferred brand, and just 16% for the husband's.

In addition, Newland found that the incidence of store and special-price labels was twice as high in non-consensus homes as it was when the husband and wife agreed.

"The wife mother appears to be quite effectively 'tuned-in' to what other key family members have to say, how often they say it, when they said it last—and she considers their comments important, to a greater or lesser degree, in her own brand decision-making."

—Learner Marketing Research & Development

Summary

In the light of the mass of available evidence, the surface of which has barely been scratched here, it appears conclusive that every family member exerts a degree of influence on family buying—and that there is "considerable participation, expression of opinion and discussion" by the whole family when it comes to the brand decisions on many package goods and household items, as well as on products usually involved in family consensus.

For many marketers, this evidence raises a fundamental question. Are you giving proper weight to all members of the family? Or are you concentrating your marketing efforts against a single member, at the possible costly exclusion of the others?

A growing number of advertisers are recognizing the value and strength of reaching the family as a purchasing unit. They are weighing their advertising against every important consumer within the family. It's a fact readily evident in the pages of Life. Every week.

Life. Consider the alternative.

SCORECARD

THE FIGHT THAT FAILED

It may be all over by the time you read this, but that confusing affair known as the NFL Players' Strike merits attention for several reasons. Perhaps the record—if there is one—could be printed up in pamphlet form as a guide on how not to negotiate contracts. Last weekend's developments found both parties relatively content except for one final point: the owners' 1970 payments into the pension fund. Over that issue the players threatened to stay away from preseason training camp. This is known as a strike. The owners, in retaliation, said never mind, because they were going to close the camps anyway. This is known as a lockout.

Even the attorneys for both sides were having trouble following the action, especially since some of them seemed to be rookies at the game, too. Finally, Football Commissioner Pete Rozelle, who had been suited up for weeks hoping that somebody would ask, was called in as conciliation quarterback.

There is one obvious change to be made before it all breaks out again next year—and break out it certainly will: more responsible, knowledgeable negotiations. If the players are going to organize, they should get expert help. Sandlot labor relations are no better than sandlot football. As for the owners, there is no excuse for them to behave like public-be-damned union husters.

The U.S. has been through all of this before. There are hundreds of precedents for peaceful, orderly settlements of such matters. Why try to blaze a new trail through 1968, especially if it looks like a 1910 design?

NO SHORT SCHOLARS

In the light of our continuing concern with the exploitation of Negroes—Part 3 of our Black Athlete series starts on page 28—it seems pertinent to consider Creighton University in Omaha. It recently set up a new Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Scholarship for underpriv-

ileged Negroes and began looking for the first worthy recipient.

Apparently there were no needy Negroes in the vicinity, so the grant went to Cyril Baptiste of faraway Miami, who, somehow, seemed just right. Cyril wanted to go to college, but his high school grades weren't good enough to qualify him for the usual grant-in-aid. And several other people wanted Cyril to go to college, too, but they didn't think of this special scholarship thing as quickly as Creighton did. Cyril, by the way, is almost 7 feet tall and plays basketball like crazy.

PLAN AHEAD

With Mexico City next up, it may seem a bit soon to be thinking about Munich, which will be host to the 1972 Summer Games. Still, you will be pleased to know that things are under way already: German technicians and engineers have been carefully going over the 740-acre Olympic site. So far they have found two unexploded 1,000-pound bombs, two unexploded 500-pound bombs, 1,000 pounds of unexploded incendiary and small-detonation bombs of varying sizes, 750 pounds of various shells and five napalm bomb containers.

SUPER QUIZ

The second trading of Philadelphia 76er Wilt Chamberlain—to Los Angeles—raises a few pertinent questions.

Is Chamberlain really a superstar?

Do superstars get traded? Unitas, Starr, Jimmy Brown? Mantle. Mays. Williams? Russell, Robertson, Baylor?

What did Chamberlain bring in trade the first time? (Answer: essentially, Paul Neumann.) What did Wilt bring in trade the second time? (Answer: essentially, one first-line player, Archie Clark.)

What would Bill Russell have brought in trade when he was 31? (Answer, a whole franchise full of first-line players.) How about Robertson or Baylor? (Answer: about the same as Russell.)

What about all the money Chamber-

lain is supposed to have brought in trade? (Answer: Money? What money?)

Well, then. Final question. So what exactly is Wilt Chamberlain? (Answer: A Super Duper.)

HOOK, LINE AND SHOTGUN

If there has ever been anything good and clean and American and true that one could always count on, it has been the catfish. Yes sir, that solid citizen of the Mississippi, that reminder of innocent boyhood days with line and hook. They'll never get to the honest old catfish, right? Well, guess what?

The crisis started in Florida a couple of weeks ago when a lady called a game warden to report that a catfish was out in the yard fighting her dog. She was right. Then a night watchman found another one in Boca Raton, more than half a mile from the nearest water. In the past 30 days or so Biologist Robert Goodrick of Florida's Game and Freshwater Fish Commission has found seven more ambulatory catfish. "The



population has just exploded," he said.

Near as anyone can figure out, the pugnacious critters are in the *Clavidae* family, originally African or Asian, probably imported by tropical fish dealers for home aquariums. Evidently some got away, somewhere, sometime, and now they're loose and multiplying. Fishery Biologist Vern Ogilvie says it is possible this fish won't get over 16 or 18 inches long—but then there are members of the *Clavidae* that get five feet long and weigh 50 or 60 pounds.

The creeping catfish comes with dual breathing equipment and can stay away

continued



works even when you forget to use it

Say you forget your deodorant one morning. If you've been using Mennen Speed Stick regularly don't worry. You'll still have protection left over from yesterday to help you through today. Speed Stick's the deodorant that builds protection day after day. With regular use it actually builds up a resistance to odor. Enough to help keep you safe even if you're occasionally forgetful.



Who's king of the mountain?



He's the world's most respected skier, Olympic and World champion. He helped design the new Northland L-21.

"We designed and built the L-21 for fun and ease," he says. "After all, that's what skiing is all about."

The L-21 is totally engineered... narrower shape... precision built with three full length/full width aluminum skins... unique angled torsion platform... special internal rubber cushion.

Who is Northland's King of the Mountain? You'll find out September 29, 1988.

Any guesses?

NORTHLAND

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SCORECARD *continued*

from water for extended periods of time. It then moves around eating snails, frogs and, presumably, anything else that gets in its way.

Oplive knows a monster when he sees one. Because the fish are so mobile, he warns, they cannot be controlled by present methods. Dump fish toxin into the water—and they can crawl away from it. "It's unbelievable," he said. "I've got two at home in an aquarium. But they jump out of it if I give them an opportunity. They will come into the living room. They move like men on their elbows like you're trained to creep in combat. You get a net after them and they avoid the net."

Oplive and Goodrick are rushing a report recommending a ban on importation of the fish to Florida. It may be too late already; it may be time to head for the hills.

THE FADING IMAGE

As the Kentucky Derby drug case drifts deeper into legalistic limbo, two new developments make it even less likely that the public will ever know what really happened to Dancer's Image. And no one in authority appears to be making any serious effort to halt the drift before Thoroughbred racing's stature is irreparably damaged.

First, there has been a clear shift in emphasis on the part of Peter Fuller, owner of Dancer's Image. Fuller's original objective had been to find out what occurred in Barn 24 in the days before the Derby. Was his horse drugged? If so, who did it? Now he seems chiefly concerned with having Dancer's Image reinstated as the winner. Toward that end, his lawyers are questioning the testing procedures used at every racetrack in the country, and the effect of this maneuver has been to set up a growing chain reaction of subpoenas, hearings and appeals that could drag on for years before any light is shed on the mystery.

Second, Trainers Lou Cavalanis and Robert Barnard have filed a motion in the Kentucky Court of Appeals that may kill any further meaningful investigation of the case. The motion contends that any hearing by the Kentucky State Racing Commission would be, in effect, trying Cavalanis and Barnard twice for the same alleged incident, since the Churchill Downs stewards have already held a hearing and penalized them for what happened. (They received 30-day sus-

pensions.) If the Court of Appeals rules in favor of this move by the trainers, any subsequent look at the case by the commission would have to ignore the roles of Cavalanis and Barnard—though what they saw and did has already been shown to be critically important to an evaluation of the whole affair.

Barring a change in official attitudes, from now on the most important horse race in the U.S. will be run under a cloud of suspicion.

MISTEN MAJOR LEAGUE

This may come as a shock to certified hero-worshippers, but big-league baseball players are just like people. That is, they drink about as much, smoke about as much, stay married about as long, pay about the same attention to world-news events and suffer the same degree of job dissatisfaction as anybody you know.

This composite profile comes on good authority: a painstaking, three-year study conducted by Harold Charnofsky, a former minor league infielder now a sociologist at California State College. Charnofsky's findings make up his doctoral thesis and cover three American League and two National League clubs—with only the names changed to protect the innocent.

Researcher Charnofsky spent one summer gathering facts in dressing rooms, hotel lobbies, on team buses and benches—and recently wound it all up with a recheck of 73 players, plus several coaches and managers.

The statistical man who emerges from all this is 26.3 years old, realizes he is a celebrity, but tends to regard himself otherwise as "just plain folks." Major leaguers consider themselves above average in athletic talent but just like everybody else in such matters as values, intelligence and personality. Tastes in reading, TV and live entertainment tend to be low-brow, as are tastes in drinking—most prefer beer to hard liquor. Most players (95%) are still married to the same wife they started out with, and the average player (48%) considers himself middle class.

And then comes Charnofsky's clincher, the one finding that ought to make him a doctor of sociology in any league. Why do ballplayers play ball? "Heroic considerations, such as service to the public, fierce love of the game and the importance of competition and challenge," said the professor, "are clearly beneath

continued



Can you spot the Volkswagen?

Lost among five of the world's great sports cars is one of the world's great Volkswagens.

The VW Karmann Ghia.

If you confuse it with a 170 mph sports machine, we wouldn't be surprised.

The racy lines are the work of a famous sports car designer, the Ghia studios of Turin, Italy.

And the bodywork is the handiwork of one of Europe's oldest custom coachmakers, Karmann of Osnabruck.

What makes the Karmann Ghia a Volkswagen is everything that makes it go. Independent 4-wheel suspension that takes curves like a racer. Surprisingly smooth 4-speed gear box. And an air-cooled engine that gets up to 28 mpg.

Of course, you can't reach the speed of a \$15,000 Ferrari (top left), a \$16,000 Lamborghini (top center), a \$9,000 Mercedes-Benz (top right), a \$15,000 Maserati (bottom center), or a \$14,000 Aston Martin (bottom right) in a Karmann Ghia (bottom left).

But it costs only \$2,254* to give the impression that you can.

Volkswagen Karmann Ghia

WANTED



The Bandit

**WANTED: FOR GIVING EXTRA DISTANCE TO
MORE TOUR PROS, CLUB CHAMPS,
AND SATURDAY MORNING NASSAU PLAYERS
THAN ANY OTHER BALL IN THE WORLD.**

**The Bandit is known to
outshoot, outrun, outdistance
anything on the course.
Has been seen grabbing
gold and silver trophies
in 50 states.
Caution: is dangerous when
opposed. The only
protection against The Bandit—
is a Bandit on your tee.**



ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT
Sold fine golf course pro shops only

SCORECARD *continued*

the matter of personal gain in the players' list of values "Which makes them just like people

THE ARTY OLYMPICS

That long-awaited Claude Lelouch film on the Grenoble Olympics is out—*Thirteen Days in France*, he calls it—and Paris is pretty confused. "Masterpiece," said the newspaper *L'Aurore*. "Depressing," said *Combat*. Then the *France-Soviet*, highest-circulation daily, sent both its film critics and Olympics sports reporter to review it—and they took both views.

Such shouting is usual for Lelouch's work, but this time the French feel more national prestige is at stake than in, say, Lelouch's mystical *A Man and A Woman*. This film is about the Olympics—so they will see the Olympics, yes? Well, not exactly. The first hour is devoted to shots of soldiers sliding down the Alpe d'Huez bobbed run on their shovels, of Racer Maralle Gotschel explaining to teammates how to run the downhill and of General de Gaulle at the opening rites, snuffing deeply at a rose. It is a paper rose, by the way.

When the action starts there are some splendid shots of skating. But this is followed by men figure skaters jumping and whirling to—uh hah—the tune of clattering computers and typewriters. Then there is as much footage of Peggy Fleming crying while waiting for her gold medal as there is of her winning it.

Thirteen Days is playing at five Paris theaters now, packing them in, and will come to the U.S. in late summer. Its overall effect is one of winter vignettes rather than Winter Games, and Lelouch steers strictly away from the Great Slalom Controversy, in which Austria feels it was Schranz out of a medal.

If the French had expected something on the order of the lyrical, touching Japanese Olympic film or Lena Riefenstahl's powerful picture of the 1936 Berlin Games, they did not get it. What they did get is lots and lots of Lelouch, which, we suspect, is just about what Claude had in mind.

THEY SAID IT

• José Cardenal, Cleveland Indians wary (151 pounds) outfielder, on working with the team's 6-foot, 195-pound bat boy: "I look at him and I feel weak. It is bad psychologically when you have to reach up and get the bat from the bat boy."

END



Heineken tastes tremendous.
And that's not just
putting words in your mouth.

IMPORTED HEINEKEN HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW IN BOTTLES OR ON DRAFT.

A WIDE-OPEN SMASH

Despite horrid weather that lessened the crowds, the first Wimbledon allowing professionals and amateurs to play each other was a success and proved that while two pros are the champs, all pros are not **by KIM CHAPIN**

When night finally settled last Saturday on the 12th and final day of the first open Wimbledon tennis championships, three significant conclusions could be drawn. First, Rodney George Laver, 29, of Newport Beach, Calif. via Rockhampton, Australia, and Billie Jean Moffit King, 24, of Berkeley, Calif. via Long Beach, are two of the finest players in the history of the game. Second, a lot of folks who thought the tournament was going to be a cakewalk for the professionals wound up hiding under the stands. Finally, if the U.S. doesn't win the Davis Cup this year it never will.

In brief, Wimbledon '88 was a wonderful, revolutionary tennis tournament. There were touches of pathos and touches of humor, and there was just the right amount of nostalgia. Six former men's champions were entered: Lew Hoad ('56, '57), Alex Olmedo ('59), Laver ('61, '62), Roy Emerson ('64, '65), Manuel Santana ('66) and John Newcombe ('67). There would have been a seventh if Frank Sedgman ('52) hadn't picked up a classic tennis elbow trying to work himself into shape for the event. Three former women's champions also were on hand: Margaret Smith Court (1963, '65), Maria Bueno ('59, '60, '64) and Mrs. King ('66, '67).

Even the weather, which was horrible, could not destroy the Wimbledon magic. The first five days were played in a constant, cold, blustery downpour. The resulting delays jammed up the second week with extra matches, and cost Wimbledon 23,000 fans. The first round of men's singles took four days to play in-

stead of the allotted one. Then, on the second Monday, red Sahara sand that had been sucked into the atmosphere by a freak wind got deposited on England by a freak wind. Finally, a heat wave (93° in London, 104° on center court) took over for a day before the weather leveled off and allowed things to get finished on time.

Taking the three conclusions in reverse order, the U.S. Davis Cup chances look better than good, mainly because Clark Graebner and Arthur Ashe are playing the best tennis of their lives. Ashe and Graebner, who never before had made it past the fourth round, both turned in a pair of stunning upsets, at least by recent U.S. standards, and made it to the semifinals. "The fourth round this year was supposed to be the promised land," Graebner said. "This has got to mean something." Graebner defeated Santana and Fred Stolle in straight sets, while Ashe put out the defending champion, Newcombe, and Tom Okker of the Netherlands, who was named before the tournament as the most likely to succeed among the amateurs. And if Graebner and Ashe were not enough, Charlie Pasarell, who is, after all, the top-ranking player in the country, also looked impressive in losing to Ken Rosewall in five sets.

For the first time since 1950 Wimbledon seeded 16 men, which was a tribute both to the depth and strength of the field and to the confusion brought on by the fact that there are now essentially three groups of tennis players who rarely compete against each other: the amateurs and two sets of pros, the

George MacCall group and the so-called "handsome eight." As Pasarell said, "There were at least 30 players who could have been seeded." Of the 16 who were, only Ashe, Santana and Okker were amateurs. But as the tournament slowly moved ahead, it became evident that the pros did not deserve such lofty consideration. For example, Nika Pilic of Yugoslavia, seeded 16th, was defeated by Herb FitzGibbon of Garden City, N.Y. in the first round. In the third round, in quick succession, Hoad (No. 7) lost to Bob Hewitt, an Australian living in South Africa; Pancho Gonzalez (No. 8) lost to Alex Metreveli, a 23-year-old Russian; Andres Gimeno (No. 3) lost to Ray Moore, a bearded, long-haired South African; and Cliff Drysdale (No. 14) lost to Tom Edlelsen, an American who is unranked because he fought total paralysis from a hospital bed for five months last year.

The fourth round was even worse for the pros. Okker defeated Roy Emerson (No. 5). Ashe defeated Newcombe (No. 4) and Graebner defeated Stolle (No. 11). Of course, Wimbledon loves its upsets, and the crowds took to all of this with great glee. The happiest fellow around was Harry Hopman, the crusty former Aussie Davis Cup captain who has developed at least 20 world-class players only to see them desert the amateur ranks and play for—ugh—money. Said Hopman, "Maybe now the people

continued

Arthur Ashe (top) and Clark Graebner scored two upsets apiece to reach the semifinals, substantially boosting U.S. Davis Cup hopes.





will come out and see the bloody amateurs play again."

There were many excuses offered on behalf of, and by, the faltering pros. Some were valid, some a bit ragged on logic. On the pro tour, play is nearly always indoors, best-of-three sets, a series of one-night stands in which the overall record is more important than winning or losing a particular match. Wimbledon, of course, is best-of-five, and the amateurs who play the world circuit are tournament-tough and know what it's like to play key matches in important championships week after week. As Gonzalez said, after last month's French Open, "Paris renewed my respect for tournament tennis. I've got to get conditioned to it again."

Wimbledon nerves affected nearly all the professionals. The pros usually said, "It's great to be back but I'll be glad when it's over," and the amateurs who beat pros usually said, "I had everything to gain and nothing to lose." Perhaps, but the biggest reason for the upsets was that they weren't really upsets. Of the full-time touring professionals who were seeded, only four—Laver, Rosewall, Gimeno and Butch Buchholz—were not amateurs two years ago. Some, like Skolke and Emerson, never were superplayers, and others, like Drysdale and Pilke, turned pro long before their peak. The amateurs who beat them are good and are looking for a piece of the action. In fact, it could be argued that there was really only one major upset in the entire two weeks: Ray Moore's five-set victory over Andres Gimeno, and all Moore got for that was a letter from a South African tennis official suggesting strongly that he get his hair cut if he wished to play Davis Cup.

And so, after all the tumult and shouting of the first four rounds, the quarterfinals paired Laver against Ralston, Ashe against Okker, Graebner against Moore and Buchholz against Tony Roche, who had put out Ken Rosewall in straight sets. Four Americans in the round of eight, four amateurs in the round of eight. Ralston, as it turned out, gave Laver his toughest match of the tournament, extending him to five

sets. Ashe and Graebner won without too much difficulty, and Roche defeated Buchholz, who played with a pulled groin muscle he had suffered the week before Wimbledon.

The semifinals put Laver against Ashe and Roche against Graebner—two right-handed American amateurs with booming services and very little touch to back them up against two left-handed Australian pros with good services and nearly everything else to support them.

U.S. Davis Cup Captain Donald Dell, highly pleased at seeing two of his team members reach the semis of the first open Wimbledon, said, "It's like when Casey Stengel was managing the Yankees. All I have to do is watch. Those little fuzzy things are like rockets. When Ashe and Graebner are serving missiles like that, there's no way they can lose."

When they're not, however, bad things can happen and they happened very quickly. Ashe began the match well, but at 5-all, 30 all in the first set, Laver hit two marvelous forehand service returns. The first was an outright winner, the second forced a volleying error for the vital service break. Laver held his service for the set, then ran out the next two at 6-2, 6-4. At the end Ashe was just smiling a bit in resignation and shaking his head.

The Graebner-Roche match was closer, but, like Ashe, Graebner was not serving outright winners as he had earlier in the tournament and, wonder of wonders, was not following his serve to the net. There were 16 service breaks in the four-set match, and Roche, whose return of serve is among the best in the game, won 9-7, 8-10, 6-4, 8-6.

For the eighth time in 13 years Wimbledon had an all-Australian men's singles final. Laver, who played the entire tournament with a bone bruise on his left wrist covered by an Ace bandage which was hidden by a sweatband, has a \$90,000 yearly guarantee. Roche's is \$40,000. Those were very proper odds. For the third time in his three final-round matches Laver defeated his opponent in straight sets, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2, and in an hour or less, becoming the first player since Fred Perry in 1934, '35, '36 to win three Wimbledon titles.

Billie Jean King did not win her third straight singles championship without a struggle, one which actually began last month after the French Open, in which Nancy Richey defeated her in three sets,

"I was rooming with Rosie Casals," she said, "and I woke up one night and said, 'I can't stand it. I'm fed up. I want to go home. I can't stand the sight of a tennis ball.'" Three months on the pro circuit had gotten her down, both mentally and physically, and she caught the first plane back to California, slept for 21 straight hours and went to her doctor, who discovered that she was again having a problem with a thyroid deficiency. A week later she was back in England, but hardly ready to defend her Wimbledon title.

"I'm playing the worst tennis I've played in three years," she said. "If I win this one, it'll have to be on fluff."

A fairly uncomplicated draw brought her to the semifinals against Ann Jones, another pro, who had split six matches with Billie Jean on the MacCall tour. Jones won a lethargic first set, then built a 5-3 lead in the second.

Suddenly Billie Jean came to life. She held her service at love and then, as Jones attempted to serve out the match, rattled off four magnificent backhands—one for a winner and three that forced Jones into errors. That was the end of Ann. King strung together 13 straight points in that stretch and won the final sets 7-5, 6-2.

Her championship opponent was Judy Tegart, a 30-year-old Australian who made the supreme sacrifice for an Aussie girl in preparing for Wimbledon: She gave up beer for four weeks. It did her no good. Billie Jean, although not serving strongly, served deep and consistently and won two deuce sets 9-7, 7-5. Her only trouble came midway in the first set when she whacked her left wrist with her steel racket. "I was in shock for about four games," she said.

And so the first open Wimbledon came to a tired but satisfying close. Perhaps the most significant thing of all was that the tennis itself during the two weeks far transcended the inevitable problems and confusion that open tennis will be confronted with for the next two years or so. As Laver himself said two days before the end, "Wimbledon's different. I had completely forgot about the prize money [\$4,800] until somebody mentioned it to me."

And Rosewall, who, like Gonzalez, is a great player who has never won the championship, added to that. "I would play here," he said, "if there was no prize money at all." **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOK

It was the third Wimbledon title each for Rod Laver and Billie Jean King, whose victories salvaged the pros' damaged prestige.

THE BIG BEAR PLAYS WITH A CUB

Although young Henry Clark never went down, Sonny Liston climbed right over him for another chance at some heavyweight money by PAT PUTNAM

Let us examine Sonny Liston, boxing's erstwhile Ivan the Terrible, who now is reigning as the unofficial heavyweight champion of California, except for whatever bit of turf Jerry Quarry is standing on—and most likely that will be under siege soon. Last Saturday, in the Cow Palace of San Francisco, Liston ponderously thrashed young Henry Clark, an excellent golfer but a fighter with no more moves than a telephone pole. While this may advance Liston in the ratings of telephone-pole thrashers, it did little to quicken the hearts of promoters panting after legitimate heavyweight contenders.

The end of Clark came two minutes and 47 seconds into the seventh round, with the WBA's No. 5 contender swaying but still on his feet and with Liston remembering fondly the days when he was able to knock out an opponent, the referee and the fans in the first 10 rows just by scowling. For Liston, that would make it any time before Feb. 25, 1964.

"Four, five years ago," said Angelo Dundee, who has two of the world's three heavyweight champions in Jimmy Ellis and Muhammad Ali, "Liston would have knocked out a kid like Clark in one minute. Hell, in one punch. Here's a kid made to order for Liston, a kid who eats jabs, and Sonny has to hit him with everything but an ax for seven rounds before stopping him. And he don't even get him off his feet. Tsk tsk."

The only thing unusual about the ending was that Clark was defenseless, with his hands at his sides. For the first part, he was defenseless with his hands up. Detecting the difference, Referee Frank Carter wisely moved in, wrapped Clark

in a bear hug and muttered something like "Hey, kid, what role are you playing. Marie Antoinette?" During these peace negotiations, Liston nodded, probably in relief, for surely it must be embarrassing to spend the better part of 21 minutes sledgehammering a wall without even loosening the first brick. For all the blows he absorbed, and they were many—including something like 30 straight before the end—Clark came out unpunished and unbloodied, if nearly unconscious.

"Oh, God," Clark sobbed later. "I tried to beat him with brute force and that was impossible. I became angry at him and I went after him, and that was stupid, stupid, stupid. Every time I'd hit him he'd grum and say, 'That's O.K. kid, 'cause now I'm gonna hurt you one' and that made me mad."

In another room Liston was laughing and saying, "If I missed any punches it wasn't anybody's fault but mine. He sure as hell didn't duck any."

On the Thursday morning before the fight Henry Clark had lounged in the quiet of the Newman & Herman gym on Leavenworth Street and said that he knew how to beat Liston. Just two months earlier he had surprised everyone by upsetting Leonis Martin, and for this the benevolent WBA had bestowed the reward of a high rating. In an hour the gym would fill with spectators, and Liston would arrive for a preflight physical. But now there was only this big, good-looking kid dreaming of a million-dollar bank account and a life with nothing more violent than striking a golf ball.

"Liston thinks he's a big bad man,"

said Clark, and he snorted. "And he wants everybody to think he's a big bad man. He wants everybody to be afraid of him. He sees me and right away he starts to scowl." Clark tried on a scowl. He glared at his listeners. He growled. And then he broke up laughing. "That's how he does it. Now does that make me tougher? Shook, when he does that, all I see is a fool."

"Hey, Henry," said Richard, Clark's younger brother and trainer, a 6' 5" beanpole with a bedeviling sense of humor, "tell the man how you're so mean and vicious that you got named Man of the Year twice at San Quentin."

Henry Clark nodded, "That's right. The last two years, 1966 and 1967. I go up there and fight exhibitions. You talk about tough fights. Those guys got to try and kill you or they'll catch all kinds of hell from the rest of the guys. Exhibitions? Man, I just try and stay alive without hurting anybody. That's just how I'm going to box Liston."

"By staying alive?" someone asked. The brothers whooped, and Henry Clark flashed a mouth loaded with gold. "No, by moving all the time," said Henry. "By punching all the time, by never giving him a chance to get set where he can do me harm. Not that he could, I saw him fight Bill Joner. He was something awful. He's old, man, even his scowl is old."

(Liston stopped Joner in seven rounds on May 23, in Los Angeles, and a week before it happened a West Coast promoter telephoned Angelo Dundee in Miami. "Get your Mel Turnbow ready," said the promoter. "Liston is stirring up a lot of interest out here and I want to put him in with Turnbow three weeks after the Joner fight." Three hours after the Joner fight the promoter called back. "Forget it, Ange," he said, "Liston stunk out the joint. He's had it. No legs, no punch, no nothing. They even threw things in the ring.")

Henry Clark shifted his big body around. He's 6' 2½" and 215 pounds and watched the first of the spectators wandering in. "Yeah and if Liston wants to see something really tough, let him go to Baton Rouge, where I lived," he said. "There you're either a sheep or a wolf, and you might say I was the leader of the wolves. I always was kind of

big. All them little sheep had to pay 50¢ a week for protection—and you know who was doing the collecting. Walk across that town you either run or fight. And I didn't run. After I got to where I was whipping three or four guys at a time, I wasn't even getting a bad look."

More people began drifting in, and finally Liston arrived. He saw Clark and turned on his scowl. Clark laughed. Liston's scowl blackened, but he walked away, as though puzzled by the new world of big, muscular youngsters who laugh when they should be trembling.

For Clark, Liston trimmed to 219 pounds, three less than he was against Joiner and the other five nonentities he has beaten—people like Elmer Rush, Bill McMurray and, Lord, Gerhard Zech since beginning his comeback. He looked trim and well-conditioned and for the first nine minutes of Saturday's fight he did manage to stir small memories of the Big Bear of the pre-Muhammad Ali days. But when he hit, it was without the numbing power that had made him so fearful in the past. "Phew," said Dundee, who did the color for Howard Cosell on ABC's *Wide World of Sports* telecast, "he hit Clark some shots that should have torn his head off. Real bombers. But nothing happened. Right there is the tip-off."

For Clark, the first three rounds were brutal. Liston set a savage pace, and Clark made it easy by walking straight in or backing straight out. "I just wanted to let him know who was boss," said Liston. Clark was having enough problems trying to find out who was boss in his corner: his brother Richard, who was not a fighter, or his manager Joe Herman, who was first a fighter and has been a manager since 1914.

"Stay away from him. Don't get hurt. Don't let him hit you," said Richard.

"Get in and fight, for God's sake," said Herman. "Richard, shut up! Henry, throw some punches, do something."

"Stay away away," said Richard.

"Get in there and hit that big ape," snarled Herman.

Before it was over Richard was crying and Herman was storming, and the confused Henry was trying to decide if he should fight or run. Meanwhile he was taking a fearful beating. Before Referee Carter stopped it, Herman had al-



Moving forward as he did throughout the fight, Sonny hurts Clark with a good right to the head

ready decided he wasn't going back into the corner.

"I'd had it with that Richard," said Herman, trying hard to swallow a lighted cigar. "I must have been nuts to let him in there in the first place."

"You can't let no relatives in the ring," said knock Yip, the third man in Clark's corner. "Especially brothers. They are almost as bad as those damn fathers."

Momentarily drained of violence, Liston came away from the ring smiling and shaking the many hands thrust at him from the crowd. Later he sat in his dressing room, still smiling and pretending that the people who were there weren't the same ones who were cuffing him a bum and a fixer not too long before. "I guess I'm just glad they are all back," he said. "Or that I'm back, I mean."

Not even the idiot newsman who popped in to ask Liston his age could shake the feeling of benevolence. "I'm

36," said Liston in a hard voice. Then he laughed. "Or is it 39? Or 32?"

"Aged wine always tastes the best, huh, Sonny?" said another, brightly.

"Ah, yeah," said Liston. "How about this one: you're only as old as you feel. How do you like that one?"

One reporter nodded and wrote it in his notebook.

"Well, I guess now I'd like to go out and straighten out this heavyweight championship," Liston said. "One at a time—Joe Frazier and Jimmy Ellis. Clark, he was the California champ, so I guess that makes me the champ here now. Maybe I got to do it state by state. I only got 49 to go. It might take awhile, but then it might take Frazier and Ellis awhile to let me in with them."

The smile went away from his face. "I sure hope," he said softly, "that those people put me in the ratings. Nine or 10, maybe. I hope they do."

Certainly he has earned that. **END**

LOVED HAVING YOU, CATHERINE

The lady golf pros had a cat scratch or two for France's Catherine Lacoste, defending champion in the U.S. Women's Open, but really needed no more than the presence of a newlywed to turn back the foreign devil **by PAT RYAN**

It was fitting that this year's U.S. Women's Open began on the fourth of July, for America's best golfers had a patriotic duty—to wrest their national title from a 23-year-old French amateur, Catherine Lacoste. And then there was that matter of restoring the star-spangled prestige of the ladies' professional golf tour. Lacoste, when she won the championship last summer, had upset the tradition that an amateur could never beat a field of pros, and she had done it with a casual ebullience. Observing the intense gamesmanship of one of her competitors, Susie Maxwell, she

declared, "My word! It takes the fun out of golf, doesn't it? Why, that girl would leave you in a pool of blood!"

Well, last week at the Moselem Springs Golf Club in Fleetwood, Pa., Susie Maxwell, now married and playing as Susie Berning, left Lacoste and the rest of the 1968 Open field bloody as she led the tournament for four days and won by three strokes with a 289. Lacoste finished 13th with a 302.

Even the 13-stroke difference in their scores, however, cannot put amateur Lacoste out of sight, out of mind and back in her place, a fact that Catherine is well aware of. Before play began on Thursday she told of lying in bed that morning "hooting with laughter" about the position she was in. "They can't take the title away from me, no matter how badly I play this year," she said.

For Catherine has become a celebrity, an impish one who enjoys the discomfort her presence causes the pros. The galleries at the Open were filled with women wearing Lacoste dresses. The pro shop had stacks of Lacoste shirts, and the back of the official program carried an ad for them headlined "It takes years to become a golf pro. It takes 60 seconds to look like one."

For all the excitement, Catherine was hardly a striking figure. She began the defense of her title wearing rumpled turquoise shorts cut below the knee, ankle socks, a red visor and a yellow Lacoste shirt.

"If one of our players showed up like that," LPGA Tournament Director Lenne Wirtz said, "I'd fine her \$50."

The pros decided "not to try to outdress Lacoste." They were subtle in evincing their distaste for her. At a players' meeting held the evening before the tournament began, LPGA President Kathy Whitworth made a point of welcoming all the competitors. "I wish

you all luck," she told them. "And that goes for you, too, Catherine," she added. Lacoste was apparently delighted with the expression of good will, but most of the players in the room felt a steely edge to the remark, and the next day on the practice tee when Wirtz suggested Kathy might be more friendly, she told him to go soak his crew cut.

The professionals were sore at far more than the personal indignity of being beaten by a 22-year-old. The 1967 defeat had hurt their image. They lost a \$115,000 TV contract to do a Shell series with the men professionals, in part at least because the men complained the women couldn't even beat amateurs.

They had been ribbed by spectators throughout the year, and, even worse, Lacoste had depicted them as ruthless opponents, which scarcely helped the feminine mystique that the LPGA tries so hard to cultivate with hair spray, cold cream and Clairol.

It was not surprising, then, for Lacoste to see the backs of 14 pros as she walked to the practice area on Thursday. They were acutely conscious of her presence, but the time had come to forget Lacoste and play golf.

In the first round Lacoste was paired with two of the LPGA's leading money-winners, Carol Mann and Marilyn Smith. Both pros were fittingly patriotic red, white and blue outfits, but it was Carol who was dressed to kill. Resplendent in red blouse, white-lace stockings and blue mini-culottes, the 6'3" blonde looked like the American flag, or, as Lenne Wirtz put it, "the flag and the flag-pole."

She was quite obviously the gallery favorite, and for the first day at least she played as if she could win the championship, finishing with an even-par 71. Lacoste, despite bogeys on the last two holes, shot a respectable 74. At the press conference which followed their round, Carol mentioned that the winner of the Open, "presuming, of course, that it



Champion Susie Maxwell Berning comes a putt toward the hole with a snap of the fingers.

is a professional," would be eligible to compete in the \$35,000 World Series of Golf to be held in Springfield, Ohio in late August. Catherine couldn't resist a rub. "May I ask what you did about last year?" she inquired with a mischievous glint.

"We have ways of coping," Carol retorted.

Meanwhile, on the course in the late afternoon heat, Susie Maxwell Bering was shooting a two-under-par 69. Because she was a bride of only seven weeks, her married name was unfamiliar to the spectators watching the scoreboards. As a matter of fact, for a while it had even confused the pros. The first week she was back on the tour after her wedding she was paired one day with Mickey Wright and Sandra Spuzich. The night before, Susie happened to meet Sandra.

"Well, see you on the first tomorrow, Spuz," she said.

"No, you won't," said Sandra. "I'm playing with Mickey and an amateur called Bering."

On Thursday at times, Susie's gallery numbered only one, her husband Dale, whose cigars she carried in her golf bag, dispensing them to him throughout the tournament. When they met two years ago, Dale was a salesman for National Cash Register and, as he describes it, he picked her up at a golf tournament in Cincinnati and bought her a beer. Later he was transferred to San Francisco, and she now wears a gold cable-car charm around her neck, a memento of the days when she would win a tournament and could afford to fly to San Francisco for a date.

Friday was the day everyone went home from Mosheim Springs mail—even Susie, who shot a 73, but bogeyed the last three holes. Susie now led her closest competitor, Murle Lindstrom, by four shots. Mickey Wright and Catherine Lacoste shot 78s and the defending champ was now 10 shots over par and had eliminated herself. Carol had a 76, picking up a penalty stroke for marking and cleaning her ball when continuous putting rules were in effect.

At a press conference Lacoste tilted back her chair and said, "All right, gentlemen. You asked to see me. What do you want to hear?" Why had she bogeyed the final two holes for the second

round in a row? "I didn't have any arms or legs left," she declared. "I was a bit fed up with the game. It was a very long game, and you Americans play very slowly." Harrumph.

What slowed the Mann-Lacoste-Marilynn Smith pairing and actually stopped it for a while was Catherine herself. On 17 she had hit into some TV cables and rather than take the responsibility for moving the cables and making a free drop she demanded a ruling by a USGA official. After a couple of minutes, Catherine was complaining at the tardiness of the official. "Oh, relax," Marilyn Smith told her. "It'll give me time to put on some lipstick." Another three or four minutes. Catherine paced angrily. "Wait till you're my age, baby," Marilyn Smith told her and went off to sit on her shooting stick.

On Saturday Carol Mann and Susie Bering were paired together. "It's the first morning my wife has been nervous," Dale remarked. "She has a complex about playing with Mann. It's not that

she doesn't like Carol or that they aren't friendly, but playing with her makes Susie uneasy. She can play with Wright and enjoy it and usually beat her. With Mann, maybe it is because Carol is so big and hits the ball so far."

Whatever it is, Susie played her worst round of the tournament, shooting a 76 that reduced her lead over Carol to two shots. But on Sunday she righted herself and ran away from the field, leading by as many as six strokes at one point. She finished with a 71, three strokes ahead of Mickey Wright, who closed with a 68. Carol Mann shot a 75 to tie Marilyn Smith for third.

With her \$5,000 first prize Susie is going to buy a custom-made trailer that can be hitched to the 1912 Maxwell car Dale gave her as a wedding present. The two of them intend to use it to go to some tournaments this fall. They say the car won't go too far, which probably means they'll be staying close to home from now on. But they must have planned it that way.

END



Defending Champion Catherine Lacoste orops on a weak putt with a grimace and a flourish

UP AND DOWN BUT SELDOM OUT

They are still the A's, with the same owner and most of the same players. The resemblance ends there. This Oakland version of a once-dispirited team makes the kind of mistakes that may land it way up there **by GARY RONBERG**

The next time the Oakland A's are in town, train a pair of binoculars on their bench. Overlook the ridiculous green-and-gold uniforms that Owner Charles Finley forces his players to wear if you can, and concentrate on the faces beneath the caps. Not many prospects for a Gilette commercial, are there? Two maybe three at the most. And do not let those who are chewing tobacco fool you, either. Every time one of those kids with a fat cheek aims a stream at the dugout steps, half of it splatters over his white, kangaroo-leather spikes.

But when the A's take the field, don't laugh. The A's are much better than their costumes, in fact, everybody who has to play them seems to agree that this young, talented ball club is growing up quite fast in spite of Charles Finley. Although basically the same last-place team that Finley moved to Oakland last winter from Kansas City, there is a new manager and a new spirit, both of which have made a difference.

"Before," says Pitcher Jim Nash, "the pitcher went out to work his six innings and then hoped to get out of there without the loss. The hitters just wanted to get their hit a day. Nobody cared if we won or lost. We were playing for ourselves. But now the pitchers are going out to win, and the hitters are after two and three hits a day to help them. We're

all trying to do the same thing: win ball games. For the first time since I've been here baseball is fun."

Bob Kennedy, the new manager, has made it that way. Oh, he has his faults—overmanaging, for one. Kennedy, according to people who keep track of such things, has used 75 different line-ups in Oakland's first 80 games, and sometimes he reminds you of an insurance man handling his Little League team. Nevertheless, he has restored discipline and respect to a ball club that has lacked both for years. Now the A's are catching signs, taking extra bases and hitting the cutoff man. Once in a while the A's youthful exuberance gets them into trouble, of course. Last week in Boston, for example, Sal Bando, the blocky third baseman, was on first base when a ball was hit into short right field. He ripped past second and was almost to third when the ball was caught. So Bando took off his helmet and tossed it to the third-base coach. Then, suddenly, he remembered: only one man was out. He sailed straight back across the pitcher's mound and reached first base just in time to be doubled up.

A fly ball popped into short right when the A's are in the field is a fly of a different species. It seems to draw four and five bodies where three would be more than sufficient. Arms wave, green

bats fly and voices shout. Sometimes somebody catches the ball. One thing is sure: if it drops it is surrounded. "Some of these kids are Double-A players, not more," says Kennedy. "That's the limit of their experience. If we're going to teach them to play, it will have to be in the big leagues. We've got to be patient with them, that's all."

Kennedy was hired last winter, following the stormiest season the A's had yet experienced under Finley. In mid-August, Finley suspended Pitcher Lew Krausse for alleged misconduct on a flight from Boston to Kansas City. Then Finley fired Manager Alvin Dark after an embarrassing session in Washington's Shoreham Hotel. Later he gave Ken Harrelson his unconditional release for talking too much in the papers. Harrelson signed with the Red Sox for a \$75,000 bonus, played in the World Series and now leads the American League with a .314 average. The A's would love to have him back.

At the end of the season practically every player on the team, perhaps thinking of Harrelson, had demanded to be traded. This spring, however, they reported dutifully to Bradenton, Fla., with a new outlook. Krausse, after working part of the winter on the docks in Chester, Pa., decided that toiling for Finley couldn't be all that bad. He got in touch

Bert Campanari, the old man among the A's speedsters and the league's top base stealer, is out and chagrined after leaving too far off first.



with the owner himself and was the first player to sign. Jack Aker, a relief pitcher who had vowed at the end of the season that he would never play for Finley again, decided he couldn't afford to quit. Among other things on his mind was the players' pension fund. One by one, their teammates signed.

"The move to Oakland had a lot to do with our attitude," says Krausse. "We all liked Kansas City well enough, but if we'd stayed there the bad stuff would have been hovering over our heads. People would have been waiting for the next explosion."

The only explosion on the A's so far this year was their recent charge into the first division. After a mediocre start and a lukewarm welcome from their new fans, the A's were in eighth place on May 21, five games under .500. Then they took two out of three from Cleveland, split two with Detroit and won three of four from California, all at home.

"Somewhere in that stretch was the turning point," says Nash. "We got the idea we were every bit as good as the top teams in the league. We felt we belonged in the first division."

On June 29, following a win in the first game of a two-night doubleheader in New York, the A's were half a game out of second place. They were 29-15 against the top six teams in the league, but 9-19 against the bottom three—New York, Chicago and Washington. Then, in the second game with the Yankees, Mickey Mantle came off the bench in the eighth inning to beat Oakland and the kids took it hard. They lost seven in a row before Chuck Dobson stopped Detroit 4-1 a week later.

Connie Mack would be proud of this A's club—especially of the pitchers. They are all young, smart and they can throw hard. "With other clubs, you get down to the seventh, eighth and ninth pitcher and you are sure to get a good ball to hit now and then," says Harrelson. "But not with Oakland. They've got 10 good pitchers."

Nash is the ace once more, just as he was as a rookie two years ago when he won 12 of 13 and led the American League with a 2.06 earned run average, though his 127 innings didn't qualify for the official championship. Nash is 6' 5" tall. He talks slow and throws fast. He fears nobody with a bat in his hands, not even Carl Yastrzemski. Unlike others recently, he pitched to Yaz, struck him out once and held him hitless in four times at bat. Johnny (Blue Moon) Odom, who follows Nash in the rotation, and in ERA, doesn't fear anyone or anything either. Odom wears No. 13 and the batters are wary of him because, as they say, he is "just wild enough." Dobson, who won Saturday, the first time any A's pitcher could say that in a week, welcomed the move from Kansas City, his home town. "Really, I had trouble concentrating when I pitched before my family and friends all the time," he said.

Krausse, only 25, is the old man among the starters. He is pitching just as he did in 1966, when he won 14 games. The combined earned run average of the A's top four starters, believe it or not, is a dazzling 2.34. Jim (Catfish) Hunter, the team's best pitcher last year, is off to a slow start. He pitched a perfect game on May 8, but he is 6-7 with a 3.91 ERA. Catfish is only 22. He should

improve. Last year the A's starters completed only 26 games; this year they have already finished 26, which has not left much work for Chief (Jack Aker), Bag (Paul Lindblad), Fast Eddie (Ed Sprague) and the rest of the bullpen. Still, everyone except Aker and Ken Sanders has an ERA under 2.17.

The A's speed has a lot to do with the pitchers' records. Rick Monday, the \$104,000 centerfielder, Reggie Jackson, the \$100,000 rightfielder, and Shortstop Bert Campaneris, the league's leading base stealer, could provide the makings of a pretty good sprint relay team. Only 22, Monday is hitting .299 now, second behind Harrelson. Monday wears No. 7, the star number, which should tell you something. Kennedy gave him the night off in Boston last week, and Monday played six innings.

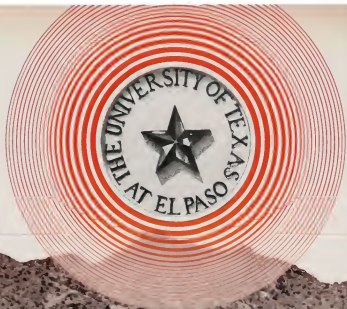
Jackson, a college teammate of Monday's and Bando's at Arizona State, leads the A's in home runs. Still, his arm draws most of the attention. Last week he threw out two Boston runners at the plate—one from 540 feet, on the fly. A third throw, one that First Baseman Danny Cater cut off at the L in Oakland on his shirt, was strictly for show.

This is a talented, young team and it has spirit. Even during last week's depressing losing streak Nash could detect something affirmative in the way the players bowed their sad heads in front of their lockers. "Nobody can make you sit that way and say nothing," he said. "You've got to feel it. If you don't, it's just like a catcher holding to his pitcher, 'Blow at hy this guy,' when he's behind 16-0. That's false hustle." The Oakland A's new hustle is not false.

END

Safe in a swirl of dust and home with a run against Boston's Second Baseman Ted Kubiak. One of the hard-driving new A's who make them go.





In An Alien World

There are harsh and perhaps inescapable consequences when status-conscious universities seek fame by importing Negro athletes. Here is one such case **By Jack Olsen**



CONTINUED

The Black Athlete continued

El Paso lies farther west than Denver, Cheyenne and Dodge City. Although it is in Texas, it is nearly 1,000 miles away from the "grits zone" that portion of the United States where hominy grits come with your breakfast whether you ordered them or not. El Paso is just about as far as you can go in Texas and not be in Mexico, old or New. Geographically, at least, the city should be a coldbed of racial prejudice and, for the most part, it is. Negroes make up only about 2% of the city's permanent population, the economic competition that aggravates race relations is missing. And besides, there are the Mexican-Americans—some 45% of the population—to siphon off the natural disdain that well-fed people feel for the hungry.

The only conspicuous exception to El Paso's orderly Negro and white relations lies in parched foothills just to the north of the central business district. There, framed on the west by a horizon line of rocky desert, one finds an institution that now calls itself the University of Texas at El Paso, but until last year was celebrated in sports circles as Texas Western. Most people now call it UT at El Paso, or simply UTEP, and its players are "The Miners." The campus is neat, honest and, for the most part, architecturally cohesive, with its buildings old and new—designed in a bizarre Tibetan style that is actually Bhutanese. The overwhelming feeling of the place is one of dryness, geographic and climatic dryness. It is a big school, it is still growing and it is one other thing: it is the first campus where black athletes have become so incensed at their treatment that they refused to compete and thereby gave up their scholarships.

You may be excused for assuming that UTEP is an all-Negro school. Many do. In fact, there is a story among UTEP athletes that a high school football player recently turned down a UTEP recruiter by explaining that he did not count himself a bigot, but neither did he want to be the only white in an all-black school. He was surprised when the recruiter explained hastily that UTEP is almost entirely white, that there are fewer than 250 Negroes in a student body of almost 10,000.

The school's reputation for being all black was established two years ago when

its basketball team played the University of Kentucky in the nationally televised NCAA finals. Although UTEP had a few white players on the bench, none of them got into the game. The starting five was black, and the first two replacements were black, and they made a startling contrast to Adolph Rupp's lily-white aggregation from Lexington, whom they beat handily 72-65.

The idea of gaining a national reputation from the muscles and skills of Negro athletes was not new at UTEP two years ago. Long before that, the school had recruited Jim (Bad News) Barnes and many another nationally noted black athlete, starting with Charlie Brown in 1956. The walls around the university's athletic department are covered with pictures of Negroes who have brought glory to the school. In a glass trophy case at the place of honor in the hall is a huge oil painting by El Pasoan Tom Lea (author of *The Brave Bulls*), showing Negro Bob Wallace catching the pass that defeated Utah in the last few seconds of a crucial game in the 1965 season. Farther down the hall is a two-by-three-foot photograph of Detroit Negro Bobby Joe Hill, with basketball in hand, and other testimonials to famous black athletes from the school: Dave Lattin, Fred Carr, Charlie West, et al.

Under the leadership of an enterprising and widely respected president, Dr. Joseph M. Ray, UTEP has doubled its enrollment in the last eight years, and even now the jackhammers are tearing up the campus, ripping out space for new buildings and additions to old ones. Dr. Ray—who is resigning this September—and his staff of professors and his high-powered team of coaches admit that the exploits of the school's Negro athletes have not hampered the expansion program. "The Negro athlete has helped us tremendously," says Football Coach Bobby Dobbs. "We wouldn't have built this institution as quickly without the Negro, because they have been very fine kids and we have been happy to have them."

Dr. Ray himself says that UTEP would not be so well-known throughout the country without its black athletes, but he also says, "It's not too wholesome to be known as a jockey strap college

We've got some quality undergirding this." Nor is there any reason to think that Dr. Ray's achievements have not been significant, that he has not built a good college or that it does not have an undergirding of quality. It may even be that the school had a practical, viable approach when it chose to use athletics to help itself become established. But that is beside the point. This is a story about those who were used and how they were used—not why they were used.

One might suppose that a school which has so thoroughly and actively exploited black athletes would be breaking itself in half to give them something in return, both an appreciation for the achievements of the past and to assure a steady flow of black athletes in the future. One might think that UTEP, with its famed Negro basketball players, its Negro football stars and its predominantly Negro track team would be determined to give its black athletes the very squarest of square deals. But the Negroes on the campus insist this is not the case—far from it.

For a starter, the black athletes wish a simple thing: that members of the UTEP athletic department would stop referring to them as "niggers."

"This was the first institution in Texas right here!—that had a colored athlete, and George McCarty, our athlete director, was the coach who recruited him," says Assistant Athletic Director Jim Bowden. "George McCarty's done more for 'em than this damn guy Harry Edwards that's coming in here to speak. George McCarty's done more for the nigger race than Harry Edwards'll do if he lives to be 100."

In his pleasant office, short, bald-headed George McCarty sits under a wreath of his own cigar smoke and talks with pride about the "nigger" athletes who have starred for the school. Occasionally he says "nigra." He seldom uses the word Negro (pronounced knee-grow), although sometimes he seems to try. "It's a habit that you don't change overnight," he explains.

Says Bob Wallace, the end who is featured in Tom Lea's oil painting, "When I go into the athletic office, McCarty says 'Negro,' but when you overhear him talking to somebody else it's always 'nigger' or 'nigra.' Jim Bowden's the same

way, and so are some of the others. They can pronounce Negro if they want to. *They can pronounce it*. But I think it seems like such a little thing to them. The trouble with them is they're not thinking of the Negro and how he feels. Wouldn't you suppose that if there was one word these guys that live off Negroes would get rid of, one single word in the whole vocabulary, it would be *nigger*?"

David (Big Daddy) Lattin, who played on the Miners' national championship team in 1966, says the problem is not a new one. "We had a meeting of the Negroes on the squad when I was a freshman, and that must have been 1963, and we decided to talk to McCarty about a few things. We said to him, 'Listen, man, either you get yourself together and learn how to pronounce that word, or . . .'"

McCarty remembers the incident. "They asked me about my enunciation of the word and I told them I do not do this intentionally. I told them that inopportunely I might say it that way, but I didn't mean it that way, that it was no reflection on their race or their characters and that I would try to change. But I couldn't seem to get out of the habit—I was born in the South, maybe that's what caused it. So they suggested that I say 'colored.' I tried that, too."

For George McCarty the problem cannot seem a very significant one, and he certainly has no conception of how important it is to the players. He waxes enthusiastic about the exploits of his black athletes and continually reminds the listener that under his direction Texas Western fielded the first integrated team in Texas. Considering the racial attitudes of the state of Texas at the time (the proud University of Texas still has not fielded a single Negro varsity football player), McCarty has good reason to cite this fact. He is under the impression that the Negroes at UTEP think the world of him, and he can see why. To some he may be vaguely reminiscent of the apocryphal Southern Senator who wrote a book about the greatness of the black race and titled it: "*Niggers I Have Known*."

Indeed, the establishment of the University of Texas at El Paso seems to share McCarty's attitude. Most of the school's administrators and teachers see

themselves in the avant-garde in Negro-white relations. Dr. Ray speaks of the national reputation the school has built for its black athletes. Dean of Students Jimmy Walker tells of the special consideration given to the problems of the Negroes on the campus. He is not insincere, nor is Dr. Ray, nor, for that matter, are McCarty or Jim Bowden. These are not evil men. They may admit, as does Dr. Ray, that it is difficult to disentangle oneself from the prejudices of one's childhood, but they feel that they are making genuine headway.

"They just don't understand," says Willie Cager, one of the basketball team's co-captains, shaking his head sadly. "Prejudice is prejudice. Either you've got it or you ain't. They got it."

"A single drop of prejudice poisons a man," said Harry Edwards in a recent speech on the UTEP campus. "A Negro who encounters a single act of discrimination seals off his mind."

Willie Worsley, the other basketball captain, keeps a Countee Cullen poem handy to make the point:

*Once riding in old Baltimore,
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
Keep looking straight at me.*

*Now I was eight and very small,
And he was no whit bigger,
And so I smiled, but he poked out
His tongue, and called me, "Nigger."*

*I saw the whole of Baltimore
From May until December;
Of all the things that happened there
That's all that I remember.*

From "On Being a Slave," by Edgar Allan Poe, 1820 and 1933. Reprinted by permission of Poole & Kline.

The University of Texas at El Paso is a tough place for a black man, but it is not easy to tell where the prejudice originates, because—perhaps like a lot of the rest of America—everybody is busy attributing it to everybody else. The athletic department and the coaches explain certain acts of prejudice, such as clamping down on Negroes who date white girls, in terms of the El Paso business community. "El Paso isn't ready for interracial dating," the coaches warn their black athletes. But when one seeks an explanation from El Paso businessmen,

one is told that it makes no difference to them whom the Negroes date, so long as the school was a few ball games now and then. One wonders if UTEP is following the town's prejudices or the town is following the school's. Whichever, it is immaterial to the 40 or so black scholarship athletes. Almost unanimously, they regard the place as a ghetto. "We were suckered into coming here," says Willie Cager. "I come from the toughest, blackest, poorest part of the Bronx. I won't be unhappy to go back."

All the standard methods of dealing with black athletes are used at UTEP, and in sum they add up to the same old story: the black athlete is there to perform, not to get an education, and when he has used up his eligibility he is out. "The coaches say that education is the important thing and sports comes second," says Willie Cager, "but you soon learn better. They want you to win first. All the sports requirements—practice, schedules, road trips—come first."

Says Dave Lattin, one of the seven top Negroes on the 1966 championship team, all of whom thus far have failed to get degrees from UTEP: "If you played basketball you spent most of your time in the gym, on and off season. You didn't get a chance to spend much time studying. So you'd drop behind your classmates. The only way you could stay in the ball game was to kind of lighten up on your courses. Basketball would average out to about 40 hours a week—we practiced seven days a week. During the season we got no days off. It was just like a job. It's easier in the pros."

To maintain such a schedule and stay eligible the Negro athlete could take certain steps. "You could switch to Mackey Mouse courses, where you don't work too hard," says Willie Cager. "I had to keep taking courses like music and art, and now I'm a senior and I'm 21 hours short of graduation. The worst part of it is that the courses I have to make up are things like biology and kinesiology that I have to have for a degree in physical education."

Certain "friendly" professors can be counted on to assist the athletic, black or white. Willie Worsley speaks highly of a teacher "who understands the problems of Negroes, and he don't embarrass anybody, illiterate or not. Somebody

continued

The Black Athlete *continued*

told him that Negro athletes needed help in their grades and we are all making B's in his class now."

Then there are the professors who can turn difficult courses into snaps. "They give the same tests from year to year," says Dr. John West, head of the English department, "and they never have a new thought. They use the same notes, the same approaches. And tests that are returned are made available. It would only be natural if some of these turned up in the athletic area."

Tutors can be helpful, too. Says Cager: "If a kid isn't smart enough or has too bad a background but they need him to play a sport, the tutor sometimes will do his work for him."

Dr. Joseph Ray is no humbling administrator in a hermetically sealed ivory tower; he is not unaware of some of the practices that have gone on at UTEP. But he argues that "the principal thing is that as Negroes their preparation before they came here was not as dependable as it should be." He admits that the university has exploited some of its black athletes, but no more so than all universities exploit all athletes, black or white. "I can think of one Negro athlete who they recognized would not be able to stay eligible if he took all the required courses, and so they kept him eligible. Our athletic council took notice that this sort of thing was going on and it's being terminated. It's being terminated. But that happens at a lot of places. We're not the only ones that ever did it."

UTEP is not the only school that ever slipped a little extra financial assistance to its athletes, either; the practice is widespread and almost inevitable because NCAA rules are so stern. "We're supposed to get \$10 a month plus room and board and tuition and books," says Willie Cager. "Who can live on that? We're all in bad financial shape, but there's no use discussing it. You know yourself that the alumni are always putting up money to help the athletes. What burns us is that somehow it never reaches the black athletes here. We never see that money."

"I'm not asking for money to be slipped to me," says All-America Linebacker Fred Carr, first-round draft choice of the Green Bay Packers. "All I'm saying is that if there's some extra money being provided to help athletes

through financial binds, then it should be used by black and white, the way it is everywhere else. Now, I know that some of the white athletes get this kind of help, but the Negroes don't. I'd get a note in my box saying, 'Nice game.' I'll buy that; I'm not looking for money. But then don't give it to the white players."

"If a Negro looks for help he doesn't find it," says Bob Beamon, the best long jumper in the world. "I have a 4-year-old car that needs \$300 worth of repairs. I don't know where I'm gonna get the money to fix it. If I were the white long-jump champion that car would be fixed like magic."

The problem with the car would not have disturbed Beamon if he could walk to the campus. "But there's no decent housing for the married Negro anywhere near the school, so my wife and I live two miles away, and I have to have that car. I go around borrowing money, practically begging people for money, and I wind up in debt."

"A Negro will be more apt to get in debt here than a white athlete," says Willie Worsley. "I'll tell you how they'll help a Negro; they'll send him down to Household Finance. In other words, they'll help you get in debt. It wouldn't be so bad if they'd give us more help getting jobs in the summertime."

"I went in two months before vacation break to ask McCarty to help me find a job, the way he does with the white players," says Halfback Willie Fields. "He said he didn't know of anything, but I might be able to get a job making leaves or something like that. But I know a couple of white players who asked him to find them a job, and he got them jobs the next day at \$3 an hour."

According to the Negroes, their wives are treated the same way. "My wife is a qualified secretary, bilingual in English and Spanish," Beamon says. "They got her a job at \$1.35 an hour lifting boxes." Fred Carr tells about a Negro athlete whose wife spent three months looking for a job with the assistance of the UTEP athletic department. "They were having a hell of a time financially," Carr says. "And then in comes a white athlete, a junior-college transfer, and they got his wife a job in three days. They say that the Negro wives can't get jobs because they are not qualified. Well,

most of them are." Unstated here, of course, is the fact that lack of job opportunities for Negroes—especially in the South—is an oppressive racial problem, be the Negro a linehacker, shoe salesman or pipe fitter. Nonetheless, the UTEP athletic department seems not to have made the extra effort that obviously is required.

Harry Edwards and his staff of bereted, bearded and militant assistants swarmed all over UTEP the weekend after Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination, and one of them draped himself across a chair in the Sheraton Motor Inn on Mesa Street and intoned carefully: "What it gets down to is sex, the same old story. Isn't it funny that whenever you make a thorough study of the problems of white and black together, it always comes out s-e-x? What a problem it must give the recruiter from this school. They're committed to using black athletes to get their name before the public, right? So this poor recruiter has to go to the Bronx and Harlem and convince Negroes that of all the places they could go, El Paso is the best. Now what is the first thing that enters the kid's mind, any kid's mind? *Are there any girls?* Well, what the hell is the poor recruiter going to say? That there are hardly any black



UTEP's President Ray, who doubled the size of his school, says sports emphatically helped.

women in El Paso? That there are only a few black girls at the university? So he has to fudge around, tell a few lies. He may even hint that the atmosphere is pretty relaxed down there in the Southwest, and nobody would mind if he dated a white girl. After all, that's where America begins, out there in Marlboro Country. So the kid signs his letter of intent, and then he's hooked. He gets on the campus and he finds out that if he dates a white girl it's his ass."

In a way, Edwards' lieutenant was exaggerating, for it does not all come down to sex, and he knew it. But, for the black athlete on the majority of America's campuses, what it does come down to is loneliness, exclusion and the consequent destruction of the Negro's pride. The inability of the white to understand this distinction just adds another element to the frustration that the black athlete feels.

"Listen," says Bob Wallace, who is from Phoenix, Ariz., "let me try to get one thing straight. We don't have to date white girls. What the hell is so great about a white girl? But we do want to date Anishaki. Black girls, purple girls, striped girls. And if there's nobody else available, then white girls. But they make it seem like a cardinal sin on this campus after they've got you here."

One day a pair of recruiters were try-

ing to convince Willie Worsley of the Bronx that he should take his wizardry with the basketball to UTEP. "We went out for a drive," Worsley remembers, "me and my father and the two guys. I wasn't too interested in what they were talking about, so I came straight to the point. I said, 'How is the social life?' One of the recruiters said, 'It's great, the sun's shining all year round.' Then they started talking about something else, but I still wasn't satisfied, so I asked 'em again, 'Well, how's the social life down there?' And this recruiter, he must've thought I was stupid, he said, 'Oh, it's nice, you know, the sun shines every day.' Anything that had to do with racial prejudice, they ducked. But I was young and maybe I was stupid, because here I am. But this was my last resort. If I had had any other possibility, I wouldn't have come here."

Les Miller, a handsome, young par-Negro, part-Arawak Indian from Nassau in the Bahamas, accepted a full athletic scholarship to UTEP, and when he arrived on campus he quickly learned that despite his reddish coloring and chiseled features he was a "nigger."

"When I was a senior in high school," Miller says, "I had a lot of offers from college track coaches. But the man from UTEP talked faster than any of the others. He told me how great this place

was. He said the people were nice and there were lots of girls, and there was no racial prejudice of any kind. So I figured it must be like Nassau, where people get along together, and I accepted without even coming here to look around. Me and my roommate, Jerri Wisdom, came here, and we learned fast. We'd see a white girl and say hello, and she'd act like she had her ears covered, or she'd say, 'Oh, Jesus,' and split. And the Negro girls—well, there aren't any Negro girls. So we talked to somebody in the athletic department about this, and he said, 'Oh, don't worry about that, boys. If that's what you want, just go across the border to Juarez. They practically give that stuff away over there.' That's what he thought of us. First, that all we wanted was sex, and second, that sex with those seamy \$2 tramps from Juarez was good enough for us."

Trackman Jerri Wisdom is also a handsome Bahamian of mixed ancestry, and he is just as bitter as his roommate. "The social life every night is I come back to my room and look at Les Miller's face."

"Somebody asked us if the white girls don't walk with us from class to class," says Miller. "I said, 'Hey, man, what do you want—blood on the campus?'"

No single member of the school's ath-

leticism



Athletic Director McCarty feels Negroes like him in spite of his pronunciation problem



Football Coach Dobbs was faced with Negro protest meeting but changed no policies



Basketball Coach Huskins keeps a demanding eye on players—and whose hands they hold

The Black Athlete continued



High point of UTEP's athletic glory came in 1968 when its all-Negro team defeated Kentucky to win national basketball championship

letic administration will admit to being dead set against interracial dating, but someone must be, because no subject has caused more trouble on the campus in recent years. According to the black athletes en masse, there is not one coach or athletic-department member who will countenance black-and-white dating. Athlete after athlete tells of being called in and ordered to stop or risk loss of his scholarship. The establishment vaguely admits the charge, with considerable qualifying and backing and filling, and just as vaguely puts the blame on the downtown businessmen, the big contributors to the athletic program. "Some guy that's giving money to the athletic department calls the athletic director," says President Ray, "and he says, 'O.K., now I've helped for the last time. It just made me sick to my stomach to see that interracial dating going on. Now let me see you stop it!'"

George McCarty addresses himself to the problem. "One of our biggest deterrents or handicaps with the nigger athlete right now is the shortage of, you know, girls. It's their normal hold just like everybody else. . . I'll tell you what we try to do when they try to start dating white girls. It's my opinion we try

to be real objective with 'em. I have sat and talked with 'em before, and I'm saying that society per se in this country is really not ready for this and that really it's not accepted on either side."

Says Football Coach Bobby Dobbs, "Certainly I'd say I wouldn't advise interracial dating, because I don't think it would be in the athlete's best interest as far as his future happiness is concerned. No, I don't know what I'd do if I had a Negro athlete going with a white girl and he wouldn't stop."

Says Basketball Coach Don Haskins, "I've told my athletes that personally I couldn't care less about interracial dating, but you have people downtown who might not like it. I've told the kids that I can't stop them, but I think that, well, I think that it hurts them in the eyes of the people."

Says Track Coach Wayne Vandenburg, "Sure, it's a problem, the woman situation. I don't deny that. But isn't this the same everywhere in the country? This is their problem."

One might not want to stuff the statements of these five men into a time capsule and present them to the people of the 25th century as enlightened American opinion on interracial dating in 1968, but

one cannot fail to notice that they do attempt to speak with a certain reasonableness and balance. According to the black athletes of UTEP, however, the talk is hot air. They say the university's sports establishment throws out all reason and balance where interracial dating is concerned and begins lashing about with a meat cleaver. Pressure is applied all along the line. If the Negro refuses to shape up and confine his dating to the handful of black women in El Paso, the blacks contend, or simply stop dating entirely, he might find himself on the next train out of town. The Negroes like to cite the case of Ollie Ledbetter, a basketball player who refused to stop dating a white girl he had known before coming to UTEP. It was not too long before he was having trouble with Coach Haskins. Shortly after that he was gone.

Coach Haskins, a husky Oklahoman who seems to overpower his small office, is in constant motion, like most of the UTEP coaches. When he discusses the social lives of his black athletes, he drums the edge of the desk with his fingers and acts as though a coach who would start live Negroes in a nationally televised basketball game should not have to answer such questions. "I run Ledbetter off because he wouldn't break a sweat," he says. "He was a real good boy, but lazier than hell. Here at home where all the people are hollering, he'd give you a real good effort, but on the road he wouldn't break a sweat."

Haskins insists that Ledbetter's social activities had nothing to do with his departure, but there is hardly a Negro on the campus who agrees. At one time or another, almost every black scholarship athlete at UTEP has dated a white girl, and in almost every case the coaches have applied pressure. Says Dave Lattin, "One day Coach Haskins called me in and told me that somebody had said I was holding hands with a Mexican girl downstairs in the SUB [Student Union Building]. I told him, 'Well, listen, if I was gonna hold hands with somebody I would do it right out in the open.' And he said, 'Well, you know that you and I would fall out if you did something like that.' Right then we were something like 18 and 0 for the season, and he's all hot and bothered about me holding hands with a Mexican girl!"

"The coaches always tell you the same

thing: that the town's not ready for it," says Fred Carr. "But I think it's the other way around. I think the town is ready for it, but the coaches aren't. I think the tail is wagging the dog. What the hell, I come from Phoenix, Ariz., and nobody thought nothing of dating white girls over there. Phoenix isn't that far from El Paso. The people aren't that different. But our coaches are mostly Southern types, and interracial dating is a huge scandal to them. When you date a white girl, you get in trouble and she gets bad-mouthed all over the campus."

"I used to talk to a white girl," Willie Caper says, "but one day she said to me that she couldn't talk to me anymore, because some of the professors had been cornering her and telling her that she would get a bad name."

"If we show up at a party the white girls have to leave," says Bob Wallace. "If they stay they'll get bad-mouthed. One time we showed up at a party and there was a white girl there and she stayed. One of the white football players went back on the campus and called her all kinds of dirty names."

Says Dr. John West: "I have a graduate who cares a lot about these Negro athletes. She grades in this huge class of 130, and she takes the roll for me. She says that people look oddly at her, and I have heard a comment or two to the effect that 'I think old Sonya has fallen in love with the Negro race' or something like that. But I don't think we have any professors who would give a girl a bad mark because she was dating Negroes. I don't think it goes that far."

According to at least one coed, Professor West is wrong. She is blonde and she is beautiful and she dated Phil Harris, who was a legend on the UTEP campus, a sort of black Paul Bunyan, towering 6' 10" into the dry, desert air on feet so big that, "It requires the hide of two steers and a yearling to shoe him" as last year's basketball yearbook pointed out. The yearbook also advised that, "Harris holds a lot of 'ifs' for the Miners. If he can improve his shooting; if he can take up a lot of slack inside and if his defense and knee improves, the Miners could come on stronger than frozen cement this fall. . . . He is the only experienced big man Coach Don Haskins can summon."

The Miners did not come on stronger than frozen cement. They compiled a

so-so 14-9 record and Phil Harris, the 21-year-old son of a middle-class Negro couple from Rensselaer, N.Y., was kicked out of school.

The record as to why Harris was expelled is vague. No UTEP official cares to come up with a precise answer. "Phil never did anything bad," says George McCarty. "He was continually doing the marginal." There was a matter of parking tickets, which Harris claims he did not start getting until he began dating a blonde, and being put on report for dormitory violations, and an ashtray he may or may not have thrown and a remark in a store he may or may not have made. Presumably, all of this is buried in the files of the disciplinary hearing held on his case. But one thing he definitely did do was get engaged to his green-eyed Caucasian beauty and show her off proudly around the campus.

"It wasn't that Phil didn't know his place," says a white teammate. "He knew it, but he defied it."

Harris' refusal to follow the wishes of the UTEP establishment may have had nothing to do with his expulsion. UTEP officials repeatedly say that it did not. All that is clear is that Harris, already on campus probation, became involved in an argument with a dorm manager on a Saturday, and an ashtray was broken—Harris says he accidentally knocked it off a table. On Monday morning he was told there would be a hearing on his case that afternoon, and a few hours later, having ignored the warnings he says he got from coaches and George McCarty that his pro basketball career would be affected and that he would be asked to leave school if he didn't stop dating his girl, he was through at UTEP.

During this period his fiancée was having predictable troubles with her friends on campus—but some surprising other difficulties, too. A 21-year-old member of a well-to-do Eastern family, she had been maintaining a good average in a complex course of study when she heard that a certain professor had said he would never pass a white girl who dated a Negro. And, in this case at least, he did not. She says her marks were all A's and B's, with one C, and then suddenly came an F. "I was so upset I looked at somebody else's tests and lab reports and my work compared well," she remembers. "I got a low mark in my finals,

so I took my paper and my textbook to the teacher and showed him, for example, where one of my 'wrong' answers was almost an exact paraphrase of the text. He told me that was too bad, that he disagreed with the text. I took the whole thing to the head of the department and he told me, 'You got what you deserved.'"

A member of the faculty committee said he would be happy to sum up the Phil Harris case, provided, as usual, that his name not be mentioned. "White guys get it tougher than Phil Harris got it," he said. "We leaned over backward to be fair and not to be racist in his case. The white girl complicates things, obviously, but not in our minds. Not in ours, really, but in other people's." Wherever one turns at UTEP, it always seems that it is "other people" who are prejudiced.

You can see the Negro students of UTEP almost any day of the week drinking Cokes and playing cards at the last two tables in the rear of the sra, pool hall and bowling alley in the basement of the Student Union Building. If you could not tell them by their color and by the fact that they are voluntarily sitting "in the back of the bus," you could tell them by their bored looks. A high percentage of them are scholarship athletes, "professional amateurs."

"They told me that college would be a rewarding experience," says Fred Carr. "They said I'd meet people, I'd travel. Well, I did, but I still call college the time of my greatest suffering. I came to college and discovered my prejudice."

"There is not a thing that goes on here that I like," says Bob Wallace. "We don't have nowhere to go. After every game we are supposed to stay around the dorm playing cards. Nothing to do. Nothing to do. These are supposed to be the best years of our lives, and it turns out to be a drag."

"It's a funny place," says Dave Latin, now one year removed from the campus. "On the basketball court you're gross people, but off the court you're animals. Even the Mexicans look down on you."

"We can't get into the fraternities," says Jerry Wisdom. "I was so innocent, I went through a frat rush. One day a guy called me aside and said, 'Hey, man,

continued

The Black Athlete

forget it" I knew a Jewish kid who was hanging around with some Negro kids and the guys in the fraternity he had pledged told him to cut it out. That's before they found out he was Jewish. Then they dropped him altogether. They told him to go find a Jewish fraternity. Me, I was so dumb I kept trying to get in, but I didn't make it."

Jimmy Walker, a conscientious dean of students, says, "I asked Kelly Myrick, one of our scholarship Negroes, just what's the problem. He said, 'Not being accepted.' Well, don't tell them this, but this is a problem that's gonna take a while to solve. But you can't say, 'Wait,' to these people, because they're not interested. They cut you off, and I don't know that I blame them. It's how people look at them, how people look. What are you gonna do? Can we go out and give our white students orders. 'Now when the Negroes come by, you look this way.'" The complaints are valid, but it's a son of a gun to do anything about."

Not even the black heroes of the 1966 championship basketball team are spared the "looks," the double standard that is visited upon Negroes. "After that final game in College Park, Maryland," says Willie Worley, "we came back to the campus and there were 2,000 people waiting for us at the airport. They paraded us through town and everybody was going crazy, cheering and hollering, and then somebody had the team to a banquet and we all ate steak. But that was about the end of it. We were never invited to mixers or anything like that. If there was a banquet for the team, it was always kept to the team. You play basketball and that's it. When the game's over they want you to come back to the dormitory and stay out of sight."

Says Willie Cager, "The people here don't come right out and say that they hate your guts and all you can do is play basketball and nothing else, but that is how it shapes up."

The school's black football players are no more contented. Their descriptions of the situation on the football field embody all the complaints of black football players on campuses throughout the country: they say their injuries are viewed with suspicion, they are the butt of jokes, they are stacked into "Negro" positions and scorned by teammates and classmates. When Fred Carr joined the team

in 1965 he and a teammate, Eugene Jackson (now with the Cleveland Browns), became so discouraged that one day they just left school. Coach Bobby Dobbs had to enlist the assistance of the Arizona Highway Patrol to get them back. Carr remembers it as a scene from an old movie.

"At that time the white guys on the team didn't have the ability of the guys on my high school team. And the prejudice was pitiful. Plus the fact that I was dating a white girl back home in Phoenix and the football players found out about it. I had my girl's picture on my desk in the dorm, and the white players would come in and stand there and stare at it. One day Coach Dobbs took me aside and told me, 'There's too many girls in the world to be worried about one.' Somebody else in the athletic department told me I was a potential outrage to the El Paso community. If I dated a white girl back home, then I might start dating white girls here. So Eugene Jackson and I talked to one of the assistant football coaches about the whole situation and he said, 'Look, when you're on the field you're my property, but when you're off the field you can do anything you want.' That was all right with us, but we found out that Coach Dobbs didn't feel the same way. This was his empire. He wasn't gonna let us mess up his world."

"So me and Eugene packed up and headed for the Arizona line. The man at the inspection station at the border stepped us and said, 'What's your name?' We told him and he said, 'You guys wait here, the highway patrolman will be here in a minute.' So the highway patrolman came over and said he had a phone call for us to make. We called the number and it was Bobby Dobbs, and he talked us into coming back."

One Wednesday early in the 1967 football season the team was scheduled to attend a scouting-report meeting, but the Negro members staged a sit-in in the lobby of the athletic dormitory. It was probably the first college-football boycott, and it was well hushed up. Dobbs, a former assistant coach at West Point, hurried over to see what was going on and was met by a solid wall of black dissent and complaint. Every black member of the team was there, and All-American Fred Carr and Charlie West were

among the leaders. Says Carr, "We told him that we wanted to date whoever we wanted to, because there weren't any Negro girls to date, and we asked him to use his influence to get some Negro girls into the student body, maybe on scholarship. Why do all the scholarship Negroes have to be athletes? We told him about the wives' situation, that Leroy Johnson's wife, who was a trained private secretary, was running off mimeograph papers for \$40 a week, while Billy Stevens' [the team's white quarterback] wife and all them was making \$300, \$400 a month and Billy still drawing \$72 a month from the school. We told him we didn't like the way he and his coaches treat people on the field making Negroes the butt of jokes, kicking them around and stacking them and treating them bad. We told him the food was spoiled, but everybody complains about that. We told him nobody was cleaning up the rooms of the Negro athletes. We had to do our own thing. There was a Mexican maid assigned up there, but she wouldn't come to the Negro rooms but once a month, and she was doing the white guys' rooms three or four times a week."

"We tried to hit him right where it counted. In the wallet. We told him we were ready to walk out, and he knew it. So when it was all over he said that we should have come to see him in a committee, not mobbed all over him like this. He said he would do his level best to see what he could do about our complaints. And he said he thought we should keep this among ourselves. We agreed not to tell the papers or nobody that was a mistake."

"So the upshot of the whole thing was nothing. Not a single thing happened. And a little while later we began to hear rumors that they were going to stop recruiting Negroes. One member of the athletic department made the statement that from now on the only Negroes they'd recruit would be stars like O. J. Simpson. He said they were through with the so-so Negro athletes, they used up too much of the grub and they caused too much trouble. And it wasn't very long before the whole way they recruit here seemed to change. Instead of seeing nothing but Negro kids coming in to look around the campus, all of a sudden you began seeing a lot of white kids. So I think they are cutting down on the Negroes."

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The Black Athlete continued

Bobby Dobbs discusses the affair with the air of a man probing his memory for the details of something that happened eons ago and was not terribly significant, anyway. "Yes," he says, "they had a few complaints. Food was one of them, and certainly I listened to them. They asked for a few things to improve their living conditions, and certainly I listened to them . . . And they asked me to use my influence to bring some Negro girls here on scholarship. That's a common complaint on campuses. But it's difficult to alter. One thing I did apologize for. I had made a remark to the team one day to the effect that 'we're all free, white and 21,' and then I realized what I had said and I added quickly, 'Some of us.' I didn't mean that as a racial remark at all, it's just one of those things that pop out, and I told them I was sorry about that, very sorry."

There was a time when the black members of UTEP's track team were considered the original good guys around the campus. Let the football team gripe and complain like a bunch of children; let the basketball players lament about how they were being treated like animals instead of the ebony gods that they thought they were; one could always depend on fellows like Long Jumper Bob Beamon, a 21-year-old Negro sophomore, and Dave Morgan, a feisty little ex-Marine quartermaster, and all the other blacks on the squad. The track team was together, one solid unit. Under the direction of 26-year-old Coach Wayne Vandenburg (billed by the school's athletic department publicity as "the fastest mouth in the West"), the Miners had an outside chance to become NCAA champions, if not this year, then certainly next. The track squad was the pride of El Paso. Because of it, the once unknown school now had its second shot at a national championship in three years.

The high point of this interracial tinder romance came when the UTEP track team went to New York's Madison Square Garden for the annual New York Athletic Club track meet last February. A big boycott was on, the point of which was simple: the NYAC does not admit Negroes to its membership, but each year it makes a potful of money by exhib-

iting star Negroes at its track meet, why should Negro amateur athletes perform for such a cause?

When word got out that the UTEP blacks would defy the boycott and compete, militants and prominent athletes alike tightened down on them. There were threatening phone calls. Harry Edwards announced that the team members would go to New York, see the picket line and quit. Otherwise, said Edwards, he could not be responsible for anything that happened to them. Rap Brown said that Madison Square Garden ought to be blown up. "My boys were scared to death," says Coach Vandenburg. "I said to each one, 'Listen, you don't have to go through with this.'"

Why did they?

Beamon says that the Negro trackmen had long meetings and discussed the situation thoroughly. "It got down to this," he says. "The NYAC is prejudiced against a lot of different kinds of people, including Jews, and if they're that way, why should we get excited about it? What happens if we boycott and they agree to admit Negroes but they still keep out the Jews? What have we accomplished?"

If the logic is tortured, it is possibly because it conceals another more basic reason why the Negroes voted to compete. Most of them are from the Northeast. "O.K., let's admit it," says Beamon. "We hadn't been home for a long time, and we were miserable in El Paso, and here was a chance to visit our people with all expenses paid."

The black athletes of UTEP crossed the Madison Square Garden picket line and performed under intense pressure from Negro militants. The showings of Beamon and Morgan and others were understandably subpar. But when they returned to El Paso, they were heroes. They were the Negroes who had stood up to the militants. They were "our boys." "They told us, 'Great job, wonderful!'" says Dave Morgan. "They said that we really stood up for our rights."

But the New York trip started the Negroes thinking. Beamon, an introverted and melancholy young man who is tasting his first severe racial prejudice in El Paso, began engaging in long discussions with Dave Morgan and a few of the other black trackmen after the NYAC meet. Morgan, who is intelligent, older than the rest and outspoken, had come

to his own decision quickly: that a stand would have to be made against some of the practices at UTEP. But Beamon, the other natural leader of the black runners and jumpers, continued to vacillate. He acted like a man who could not understand what was happening around him, like a man who stands in front of a truck and cannot assimilate the fact that it is bearing down on him. He would blurt out naive questions like "Can you explain something to me. How can people hate each other?" and "Why is it that white people are so prejudiced against colored people?" He would sit around and write poems addressed to the white race.

*How many days of sadness
must I spend
To get baited into gladness?
And tell me how much sorrow
must I spend
To get a future for tomorrow?
This must be a proud nation
of crudeness
This world used to mean so very much
Why did you change my happiness
to misery and heartbreak?
How must I be lonely?
Why can't you love me and want me
Until the end of time?*

Then came the assassination of Martin Luther King. It ended the vacillation and brooding and brought the Negro trackmen into a cohesive unit. At the request of their coach, they competed in the Texas Relays that weekend. When they returned to El Paso they saw Harry Edwards very briefly as he was leaving, but his influence on their actions was not nearly as great as UTEP authorities would like to believe. As soon as they got back to the campus they held a secret meeting.

Next on the schedule was an Easter week track meet against Utah State and Brigham Young University, at Provo, Utah. BYU is a Mormon school, and the Book of Mormon speaks an inferior role for the Negro. Most of the blacks decided to beg off the track meet. "There were about a dozen reasons," says Dave Morgan. "The Mormons teach that Negroes are descended from the devil. As a reason for the track team's boycott it may sound like a small thing to a white person, but who the hell wants to go up there and run your tail

continued

The Black Athlete continued

off in front of a bunch of spectators who think you've got heens. And it was Easter week, and it seemed to us that there was an obvious connection between the martyrdom of Jesus and the martyrdom of Dr. King. To a white it might be nothing, to us it had great significance. And on top of all of that, there was the general fact that the Negro is treated like something out of the jungle here, and we wanted to express ourselves about that."

On the Monday night before the meet with Brigham Young, nine Negro trackmen arrived at the small apartment of Coach Vandenburg and presented their grievances. According to the young and outspoken coach: "They mentioned all kinds of crazy things. I said, 'Fellows, let's get to the point! Man, you're keeping me up all night!' But there was no point! Nothing! When they left at about 11:30 I felt that everything was settled. But 10 minutes later there's a knock on

my door and it's Kelly Myrick, the hurdler. He says, 'We're boycotting.' I said, 'Who are you speaking for?' He said the whole nine who were in the room."

On Tuesday and Wednesday the recalcitrant athletes showed up at track practice, and Vandenburg began to entertain hope that the boycott was off. When he heard informally that the athletes were going to refuse to head for Utah he prepared a statement saying that they were, in effect, quitting the team.

On Thursday night Assistant Athletics Director Bowden talked to the boycotting athletes for three hours. According to School President Joseph Ray, "Jim told them what would happen if they went through with their plan. He told them that he didn't necessarily disagree with them on principle, but he said they were paying too big a price to make their point." According to the athletes, Bowden told them flatly that they would

be off the track squad and lose their scholarships if they refused to go to Provo. After the session with Bowden, Coach Vandenburg asked the Negroes if they wanted to have another talk with him. They said they had done all their talking. The track team left for BYU Friday morning with eight Negroes staying behind. At Provo the team was joined by Negro Half-miler John Nichols of Waits, an art major and a sensitive young man who was in sympathy with the boycotters but wanted to see for himself the situation at Brigham Young.

Once there, things became so tense, according to Nichols, that he got into a highlight just before the meet with a teammate who kept calling him "black boy." "I knocked him on his ass," says Nichols. Now Nichols, too, refused to compete and was off the track team.

The press was told that the suspension of the black track men was for the current school year and that next year's athletic scholarships would be discussed when the time came. But each of the boycotting Negroes claims he was told privately that his scholarship would terminate at the end of the year, he should look elsewhere. Coach Vandenburg took a reporter aside and said, "They're finished. There's no special rules for blacks and whites or greens and pinks. I'm hired to do the best job according to my ability, to decide all these things for everybody, and I decided I didn't kick them off, they quit."

President Ray and the faculty athletic council declined to veto Vandenburg's action. "If there is a case for compassion," Dr. Ray said, "it would be up to the coach. Nobody is going to tell him what to do. I regret this very much. These are good boys. But they either collectively or individually hoodwinked themselves into the conviction that we wouldn't let them all go. A whole lot of pushing has been done by Negroes, and that pushing is going to hasten the day when your Negro comes close to equality. But I think in this case they paid a hell of a price to win their point. . . . This is a price that no college athletes in this country have ever yet paid for a point on this issue. They were laying down their collegiate athletic lives, and they surely knew it."

The black athletes' difficulties did not end with the loss of athletic scholarships. Bob Beamon's wife had a decent job at



The world's best long jumper, Bob Beamon, won AAU championship as a Houston Strider after being ousted from UTEP team in boycott dispute.

last (Vandenberg reportedly found it for her within an hour when it was raised as a boycott issue the previous Monday), and on the Monday morning after the boycott she started off to her first day of work. Beamon drove her to the office and went back home. The phone rang. "Bob?" his wife said. "You better come get me." He hurried back and picked her up. She told him that her new boss had taken her aside and said that he understood Beamon was no longer affiliated with UTEP. "I told him you were still at the school," Mrs. Beamon said, "and he told me, 'Look, I can't get involved in this thing. You can't have the job.'"

That afternoon an officer of a bank called Beamon and said, "Bob, I heard you lost your scholarship. Will you be able to pay your bills?" Several other callers asked the same question. Beamon says: "Was it pressure? I don't know. But I do know that the whole town was against us."

"We're all alone in this thing," John Nichols says.

The present plan of the disgraced Negro trackmen is to show up on the campus at registration time next fall, just like the other undergraduates. "We're gonna lay our \$87 on the table," Beamon says, "and register for class. That's the fee for residents of the state of Texas, and we're gonna say, 'Here we are, we Texans, and we're paying our own way.'" (Their plan has a flaw: most of them probably cannot qualify as Texas residents.)

"We're not gonna run away from what's being shoved in our face here," says Nichols. "We'll scrape, scrounge and borrow, but we're coming back. Next year at registration time they're gonna find out damn fast who the 'house niggers' are."

As for Coach Vandenberg, he remained inflexible on the subject, but one could see that underneath he had been shattered by what had happened. Vandenberg is an earnest young man from Cicero, Ill., and he works harder than any of his runners to bring athletic recognition to the University of Texas at El Paso. This was only his second year on the campus, and he was all primed to win the NCAA track-and-field championship, a tremendous accomplishment.

"Look what happened," he says. "Look what this thing did to the track



Track Coach Wayne Vandenberg saw his hopes for a national title vanish when he cut from his squad Negroes who refused to compete against Brigham Young.

team. We lost the world indoor record holder in the long jump, the school record holder in the hurdle, the school record holder in the quarter mile, the freshman hurdle champion, a couple of outstanding intermediate runners, a fine long-jump and triple-jump man and not one of them seniors. We had aspirations of winning the NCAA championship this year. At least we'd have been second or third. *Track and Field News* picked us third, three points behind second place. Now we're not gonna win anything except a few dual meets. It kills us!"

Wayne Vandenberg, himself only four

or five years older than most of his athletes, squares his shoulders and raises his voice. "O.K., it's over now," he says. "Next year's another year."

So it is, for better or for worse, but it is doubtful that it will be merely another year of the status quo at UTEP, or at any American college that recruits black athletes. College administrations, college coaches and college student bodies will all be hearing loud and clear the words of Bob Beamon, who is not a bad poet for a world champion:

*How many days of sadness
must I spend*

Next Week

The Negro in professional sport: he is one of the elite few who make it to the top, but once there he finds that much of the discrimination he has suffered persists. He must perform better than the white, quotas restrict his opportunities and his rewards are less for achieving more.

ANCIENT CONTESTS, SHINING ARENAS

Sheathed in copper and glowing like a sun, the Sports Palace (below) is the architectural gem of Olympic Mexico. It will seat 25,000 spectators for basketball, a sport which resembles the sacred game that was the national sport of Mexico before the arrival of Spaniards, the bull and the pelota. Sport was an integral part of Mayan and Aztec life, and the ballplayers, the runner, swimmer and gymnast shown in this color portfolio are the most vigorous of pre-Hispanic sculptures. They are shown with the modern facilities that will house the October Games. The sculptures and the stadiums are followed, on page 53, by a guide to Mexico in this Olympic year.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE, PAINTINGS BY DONALD MOSS







The gymnastic feats of the ancient Indians are celebrated in many pre-Columbian sculptures. This acrobat from Nayarit was also a hollow pot. Olympic gymnasts will compete in the National Auditorium, a wedge-shaped structure seating 12,500, in Chapultepec Park. It is the work of Pedro Ramirez Vázquez, the architect who is also the organizing chairman of the Mexican Olympic Games.







A ballplayer, girded and padded in leather like some contemporary goalie, is one of the most expressive of Mayan sports sculptures. The ball game was not unlike a mixture of soccer and basketball and had religious significance for the Mayas and Aztecs. The captain of the winning team was often allowed to offer himself for sacrifice to the gods. The Aztec Stadium, the largest in Mexico, was built in 1688. It also was designed by Pedro Ramírez Vázquez. It seats 100,000 and will be the site of Olympic soccer games and of the 1970 World Cup matches.



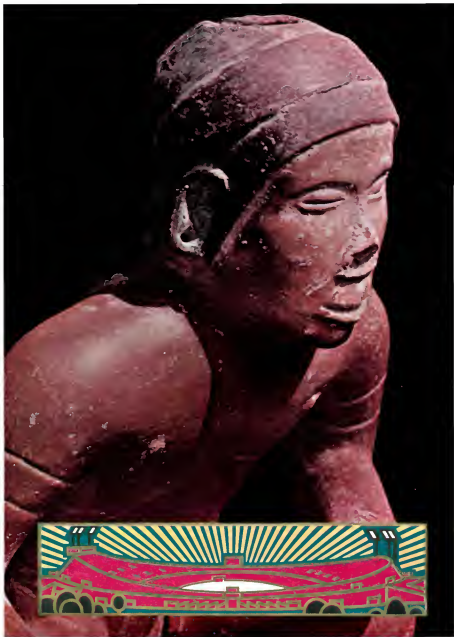




A swimmer etched in stone from the Gulf of Mexico culture called Veracruz predates the Gothic gargoyles of Europe, which it resembles. It hovers above the soaring buttresses of the Olympic pool and gymnasium. This building, one of the most dramatic of those constructed for the Games, has a roof suspended on cables from the bridge-like concrete piers, giving unobstructed space for 10,000 viewers of swimming, diving, water polo and volleyball.







THIS YEAR MAÑANA IS A DIRTY WORD

BY FRED R. SMITH

One thing is sure, despite all rumblings to the contrary: Mexico City will be ready for its Olympics. It may not be ready until the moment the runner descends the Pyramid of the Sun to bring the Olympic flame to the opening ceremony on October 12, but it will be ready. The road to October has been a bumpy one, strewn with such pot-holes and boulders as protests about the altitude and the threat of an African boycott. But the Olympics are so important to Mexico that the men in charge have been galvanized rather than stymied by the difficulties. The Games, as they did to Japan, represent more than an athletic World's Fair—they are a means of proving to the world that Mexico is no longer a stepchild in the family of nations.

The chief organizer of the Games, Pedro Ramirez Vázquez, is also Mexico's leading architect, builder of Mexico City's National Museum of Anthropology, the finest museum structure in the world, and two of the Olympic venues shown in the preceding color pages. His staff works with a 20th century engineer's approach, completely contrary to the cliché of *mañana* Mexican bureaucracy. Every Olympic structure has been topped off with a paper-flower-garlanded crucifix, the Mexican steelworker's way of celebrating the placing of the highest piece of steel, and shifts of workers are laboring 24 hours a day to complete the roads, the sidewalks, the flower gardens, the hotel rooms and the street signs.

One of the most difficult engineering problems in all of Mexico is the one of fitting bodies into available beds by night and into seats at the Games by day. And Ramon Alatorre, the man in charge of the *Oficina de Control de Acomodamientos*, or Office of Lodging Control, is the man in charge of happiness or despair for

the Olympic tourist. Alatorre is the nephew of Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, the President of Mexico, and he has brought to his Olympic office from his former job as public-relations director for the Mexico City branch of J. Walter Thompson a sort of professionalism that caused one recent visitor from New York to comment, "I did not expect to find that sort of thinking south of the Rio Grande."

The rumor that Mexico City is all sold out is false. It is true that most of the 50,000 beds in hotels are taken, but Alatorre's office has a listing of more than 17,000 additional ones in homes and apartments. More beds could be made available—25,000 have been offered in homes—but the committee does not feel that the city, the streets, the stadiums, could accommodate more than 70,000 visitors comfortably at one time or more than 100,000 during the 16 days of the Games. Tickets and lodging go hand in hand—no tickets are being sold without confirmed bed space, and each applicant must buy seats to at least one event every day he is in town.

As at all Olympics in the past, serious late starters—and that means anyone starting right now—probably can find a way to get there. Various U.S. travel agents offer packaged Olympic tours, and many have places still available. Almost all of them require the purchaser to buy a trip that will include from five to eight days in Mexico City and as many or more days touring Veracruz, Acapulco, Oaxaca, Cuernavaca or Taxco, like it or not. The reason for this is that travel agents in the U.S. have had to book their space from the old-line Mexico travel wholesalers who were given control of selling hotel rooms. These agents broke the 16 days of the Games into two or three blocks so that they

could use the Mexico City hotel rooms they were allotted and the tickets that go with them as a come-on for selling more expensive tours. Many U.S. travel agents are so incensed by the scheme of things that they refuse to handle Olympic bookings. In defense of what may seem a touristic hold-up, Ramon Alatorre says that the tour plan was based on actual practice during the Tokyo and Rome Olympics—visitors came for an average of six days of the Games and then toured the country for the rest of the time.

Untours of Los Angeles (1541 Olympic Boulevard, Los Angeles 90015), for example, has a 16-day tour that includes three days in Guadalajara and three touring Mexico City before the Games, then eight days of the Olympics. The cost is \$574 per person for air fare, Olympic tickets and twin-bedded room at the Continental Hilton or the Alameda in Mexico City. John Gibson of Los Angeles (3285 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 90005) has nine-day trips (Oct. 8-16, Oct. 16-24, Oct. 24-Nov. 1) priced from \$555 to \$777, with the entire time in private houses in Mexico City, but with side trips to Xochimilco and the pyramids. Tickets to some of the Olympic events are included in the price.

Track & Field News, published in Los Altos, Calif., has been advertising its Olympic tours for a year. It has now sold all of the space it held during the track-and-field events, the first eight days of the Games, but finds itself more or less stuck with dozens of rooms after October 21. Rooms are in apartments near the stadium and cost about \$10 per person per night; you arrange your own transportation.

G.T.S. Travel of 1435 Fourth Street, San Rafael, Calif. has a variety of tours, including as many as 10 days in Mexico City, for \$521 from San Francisco. In Houston: John Hancock (Chamber of Commerce Building) still has space on seven of his eight Olympic tours. A typical one, four nights in Acapulco and four in Mexico City for \$210 per person, air

continued

A runner from ancient Colima crouches behind an inset painting of the Olympic Stadium, a giant bowl carved out of lava. Once called University Stadium, it has been enlarged to seat 80,000 for track-and-field events

fare extra (\$88 round trip, coach, from Houston to Mexico City). Olympics tickets are extra, as well, and these cost from \$22 for the best opening ceremony seats down to \$4 for the cheapest reserved seats at most events.

In New York, Hawke & Hawke (30 East 40th Street, New York 10016) has a variety of eight-day trips, with the entire time being spent in Mexico City. The most deluxe costs \$855 per person, with two couples sharing a private house. A car and chauffeur, tickets to the Games and air fare are included.

Don Travel (375 Park Avenue, New York 10022), the agency that handles the U.S. Olympic Team and Committee travel, has reserved a block of new apartments near the Olympic Village. A 12-day package, from October 8 to 19 or October 20 to 31, costs \$165 per bed, with six people in a three-bedroom apartment. Tickets are extra, but Don Travel will get them for its clients for a 10% surcharge.

For residents of the West Coast, one of the surest ways of getting to the Olympics is to use the service just established by Western Air Lines. As of July 1, they concluded an arrangement with the Olympic lodging office to serve as booking agent for Western passengers seeking rooms and tickets. One must book for a minimum of 10 nights in Mexico City. With one phone call, made before July 31, you or your travel agent can confirm the whole package at the same time a flight is booked. Western is adding 33 sections to its schedule during the Olympic period to take care of the anticipated load. Ten days after the booking is made, passengers will receive confirmation of rooms and tickets and a bill from the Mexican Olympic office. The price range of the rooms is from \$10 to \$24. Maid service will be a part of the deal, and breakfast will be served for an additional \$1.20 per person. Self-drive cars, belonging to the house owners, who will take out insurance for you, can also be booked through Western beginning at \$10 to \$12 per day, and a driver can even be hired who will take you to the stadium and pick you up afterward for an additional \$4.

Western flies to Mexico City from Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Round-trip fare from Los Angeles is \$235 first-class, \$195 coach.

Pan American, which flies to Mexico

from Miami and Houston, is prepared to furnish the same service to East Coast passengers. The round-trip Miami-Mexico fare is \$194 first-class, \$164 tourist, and from Houston, \$117 and \$88. Braniff, which has nonstop flights from San Antonio, can make arrangements for a hotel room but is not prepared to order your tickets.

If you are not flying, it is still possible to work directly through Alatorre's office to find rooms in homes in Mexico City. The cost is \$10 per room in an apartment if the family stays in residence, \$12 if it vacates. Homes under the same plan are \$14 and \$16 a room, and some of them in the fashionable Lomas or Pedregal districts, close to the Olympic Stadium, can run as high as \$24 a room, a price that usually includes servants and a swimming pool.

Another idea that has not been oversold is to stay outside of Mexico City—in, say, Puebla, Toluca or Cuernavaca or even Acapulco, a 30-minute jet flight away. Of these, the wise choice is Cuernavaca, the garden town that is 2,850 feet lower down and 50 miles south by auto from Mexico City. It is on the right side of town—the side where most

of the events take place—and, considering the state of downtown Mexico City traffic, as close as commuting time as the Reforma. The housing office has 1,700 beds in Cuernavaca as yet unassigned, many in comfortable inns and hotels, others in private houses.

To reserve rooms and tickets, write to the Office of Lodging Control, Avenida Juárez 89, Mexico 1, D.F. Specify the dates you want (*see schedule, page 55*), and a form will be returned for your room and your ticket request. The most difficult tickets to obtain, because of limited seating space, will be to the swimming and gymnastics events. After your accommodations and tickets have been confirmed, you will be sent a bill. Once you have paid, you will receive a certificate that becomes as valuable as your passport, since it serves to claim both rooms and tickets after you arrive in Mexico. It will also be valuable to you in obtaining a Mexican tourist card and airline reservations.

And what about that impetuous American tourist who decides at the last minute that since Mexico is just next door, he is going to take his sons to the Olympics—what will happen to him? First—



The most expensive tickets are those for the opening ceremony. This one is 175 pesos, or \$14. It is an example of the fine graphics of the Games—in which colors and symbols are used to break the language barrier.

how will he get there? He may hop in the car and drive down. The trip will be an adventure (SI, June 17) but half of the American tourists to Mexico travel this way. He can take a trailer or camper to live in, but he must reserve space in a trailer park in advance through the Olympic lodging office. He will not be able to camp just anywhere. What if he wants to fly? Nine airlines link Mexico City with the U.S. and, while they are heavily booked for the Olympic period, some fall-out will no doubt occur at the last minute.

The tram to Mexico is one of the list of the great travel bargains. From the West the Southern Pacific's *Santa Fe* goes from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Yuma, Phoenix, Tucson to El Paso. From Juárez, just across the border, to Mexico City takes 36 hours and costs only \$28 for a roomette. From St. Louis and San Antonio, the *Aztec Eagle* enters Mexico at Nuevo Laredo and arrives at the capital 26 hours later. Full fare plus roomette from Nuevo Laredo is \$23 one way. The trains are diesel-powered, air conditioned and have the kind of smooth roadbed and service that have all but vanished from American railroading. Meals in the diner cost \$2.

If this hopeful tourist enters Mexico at the Olympic period without a certificate for lodging or tickets to the Games, the border officials, instead of turning him back, as has been rumored, will allow him to cross, even if a park bench becomes a bed. Once in Mexico City, however, there will still be rooms available in private houses, and the lodging office will direct him to them. There may not be space in any hotel, although if this is so it will be the first Olympics in memory when all the hotels are filled. All uncommitted seats will go on public sale in Mexico on August 15. At the last minute in October, what will be left? Maybe some rowing or shooting or field-hockey or cycling tickets. Yachting, which is being held in Acapulco, is free, the government supplying four sightseeing cruise ships for spectators. Anybody can watch the marathon, which will course through the streets of the city, past Montezuma's great square, the Zócalo, back up the Reforma and return to the Olympic Stadium. The three-day equestrian endurance event is being held in Avandaro, a town 100 miles southwest of Mexico City and, at 6,100 feet,

kinder to horses. Plenty of tickets are available, although rooms are scarce there.

And then Mexico City, during the Games, will be a spectacle in itself, its great cathedral and squares and palaces lighted by night. The sidewalks along Maximalia's famed boulevard, the Reforma, have been laid with pink tile, and the buildings of the fashionable restaurant, hotel and shopping center misleadingly labeled the Zona Rosa, have been washed with pink.

As part of the celebrations of the "cultural Olympics"—a year-long festival of music, painting, dance and theater—there will be a world folklore festival with music and dance groups from 40 nations performing in the streets and squares of the city all through October.

On October 13 and October 20 there will be bullfight cards—the Olympic press office calls them "monumental corridos"—in the Plaza México, the world's largest bullring. One Sunday Manole Martínez and José Luis Huerta, Mexico's leading bullfighters, will face "the best bulls of Mexico." On the other date the promoters hope to present Spain's El Cordobes and Paco Camino in a *memo a memo*. If the fights themselves do not prove monumental, the price of tickets will—they are from \$48 to \$80 for each Sunday afternoon.

Two permanent cultural exhibitions are highly recommended for any visitor to Mexico City. The first is the National Museum of Anthropology in Chapultepec Park. This cool, impressive building, rich with stone and architectural invention, is the most satisfying single building in a city filled with fine contemporary-modern and colonial-Spanish architecture. It was completed in 1964 in an amazingly short 18 months, proving that Mexico can build quickly and well. It houses the history of Mexico, its finest artifacts and sculptures. Its purpose was not only to house these treasures but to give Mexicans, Indian and *hidalgo* alike, a pride in their heritage. It is the goal of Ramírez Vázquez, the architect of the museum well before he became the organizer of the Olympics, that the Games should spread that pride around the world.

The other cultural must is a visit to the great pyramids of Teotihuacán, the most important of Mexico's 11,000 archaeological sites. They are only half an

hour's drive from the city, and for the Olympic year are illuminated at night with a sound and light spectacle that features the voices of Charlton Heston, Vincent Price and Agnes Moorehead telling the story of their builders.

Once bedded and ticketed for the Olympics, the next consideration for the visitor is his health, and visitors to Mexico City worry more about their health than visitors to any other tourist capital in the world. They figure that if the

A CAPSULED SCHEDULE

OPENING CEREMONY, Oct. 12
TRACK AND FIELD, Oct. 13-20
BASKETBALL, Oct. 13-25
BOXING, Oct. 13-26
CANOEING, Oct. 22-25
CYCLING, Oct. 15-23
EQUESTRIAN EVENTS, Oct. 16-25
FENCING, Oct. 15-25
GYMNASTICS, Oct. 21-26
FIELD HOCKEY, Oct. 13-26
SOCCER, Oct. 13-26
WEIGHT LIFTING, Oct. 17-19
WRESTLING, Oct. 17-26
SWIMMING AND DIVING, Oct. 17-26
PENTATHLON, Oct. 13-17
ROWING, Oct. 13-19
SHOOTING, Oct. 18-23
YACHTING, Oct. 14-21
VOLLEYBALL, Oct. 13-26
WATER POLO, Oct. 14-26
GRAND PRIX EXHIBITION, Oct. 27
CLOSING CEREMONY, Oct. 27

altitude does not give them heart failure, dysentery will do them in.

There is a theory that fear brings on most cases of tourist stomach trouble in Mexico, just as nerves seem to foster air sickness. A panel of Mexican gastroenterologists got up on its national pride recently and declared that there was no such thing as "*la neta*" that tourists got sick in Mexico because they drank too much. The whole country is touchy on the subject. When asked if the table water was bottled and if the lettuce was washed in halazoned water, the headwaiter at the Rívoli, which is a sleek French restaurant, said frostily, "Sí, señor, but I get sick whenever I go to San Antonio."

People who have never been sick in many trips to Mexico generally abide by several basic rules. They do not drink the tap water, ordering *agua purificada* at the table and for the hotel room. A

continued

good bottled water is Tehuacán. They do not eat raw vegetables, halazoned or not, or any fruit they cannot peel for themselves, no matter how irresistible the strawberries. They do not go in too heavily for chili peppers and they drink in moderation until the early breathlessness of being at 7,349 feet is past. That takes about two days, and a siesta after the customary late-afternoon lunch is a wise idea.

This fear of the food and the water drives many American tourists to the nearest approximation they can find of a lunch counter back home—the Sanborn restaurants, which are the Howard Johnsons of Mexico—or hotel coffee shops. For example, a recent convention of 15,000 Rotarians failed to fill up all the line restaurants. The Rotarians shunned the French, Italian, Swiss, German and Chinese restaurants that make dining out in Mexico City as pleasant an experience as dining out in San Francisco. And they would have died of starvation before venturing into any of the better taco palaces.

Anyone who has spent his days and part of his nights in the Olympic whirl will prize a good dinner easily arrived at among all the strolling violins, illuminated fountains and candelabra in Mexico City. One good place to find just what you are looking for is in the Pasaje Jacaranda. Here, in the heart of the Zona Rosa, is a walkway that is half Rome and half Carmel, lined with galleries and boutiques and outdoor restaurants. Alfredo's, a north Italian restaurant, is the favorite, but there is also an Aunt Jemima's pancake house, a pizzeria and half a dozen others. From a fountain filled with trout you select one for Alfredo's to cook, the world passes by and you do not need a tie.

Around the corner at Bellinghausen you will find the same simplicity—white napery, horse paintings on the walls and a good dinner for under \$5. Try the *cabrito al horno* (roast baby kid).

One of the great discoveries for most American visitors to Mexico is that there is great variety to Mexican cuisine—much more than the beans, peppers and tortillas of Texas, California and New York Mexican restaurants. The San Angel Inn, once a pulque-plantation hacienda, is a colonial-style restaurant with a giant hors d'oeuvres table, the Fonda

el Refugio is a temple of Mexican cuisine. Nothing is frozen or canned. The Lincoln Grill, a businessman's lunch place downtown in the Lincoln Hotel, is the best seafood restaurant in the city. There are great leather booths, an air of calm. The waiter brings the bottle to your table when you order a vodka and tonic and it's Russian vodka. The red snapper Lincoln will change your mind forever about Mexican food. It has a sauce that sounds as improbable as the chocolate sauce of chicken mole. It is filled with baby shrimps, mussels, asparagus and cheese and is superb.

The most colorful Mexican restaurant of all is El Taquito, particularly on Sunday night after the bullfights. This is known as the matadors' restaurant, and its rich tile walls are decorated with paintings of bullfighters and stuffed heads of bulls. The *carne asada*, or grilled steak, is first-rate and is, incidentally, the surest Mexican dish to order for anyone who is afraid of too much seasoning, but the rest of the menu goes the whole range from hot to hotter. There are strolling *maracachis*, which, depending on how you feel about strolling musicians, is a fault or a blessing. They expect to be tipped for their serenading. You may want to pay them to go away.

And while you are in the vicinity of El Taquito, run up for a drink on the roof of the Majestic Hotel. This is one of those views to drink by—the bar and its terraces overlook the great expanse of the Zocalo, the Cathedral, Cortés' palace, all the detailing of these handsome colonial buildings vividly outlined in light.

A tip on drinking in Mexico: the Mexicans make gin and Scotch under licenses from parent companies abroad. The gin is O.K., the Scotch is not. Imported gin costs about 20¢ a drink more and is

worth it if you are a martini purist. Imported Scotch costs about \$1.50 a drink. By regulation, a Mexican restaurant must first offer wines made in the country. Since they are not bad and since even ordinary wines imported from Europe are very expensive, drink the wines of Mexico.

Anyone who has experienced the traffic of Mexico City, with its 400,000 cars creating a New York traffic jam under a Los Angeles smog and its confusion of one-way streets intersecting at odd angles, will wonder how anyone is going to get anywhere on time in October.

One agency that is working on the problem is under the direction of Eduardo Terrazas, a young Mexican architect, and an international team of urban planners, engineers and graphics artists who have created a clean-cut contemporary "signage" for the Games—everything is symbol- and color-coded. Track and field is green, basketball orange, as shown in the map at right. The same symbols are being used on stamps, maps, all literature, on kiosks around the city, where stacked cardboard squares give the schedule of events so clearly that no language capability is necessary. Enormous balloons bearing the colors and the symbols will float over every venue, and even the streets to the stadiums will be striped in the colors, as well as the special buses that will circulate during the Games.

Taxis will have fixed rates—about \$1.25 from the hotel district to the Olympic Stadium. Corps of students are being trained to aid motorists and pedestrians, and the traffic police are being disarmed during the day to appear more friendly—or perhaps to prevent suicide when they are faced with the world's greatest traffic jam.

The roads to the venues are being painted with vivid stripes, keyed to the events, and signs and giant balloons with sports symbols point the way in an effort to make Mexico City's complicated street layout less of a jungle for the Olympic visitor. The Sports Palace, the Olympic Pool and Gymnasium and the rowing course beside the floating gardens of Xochimilco were the major new constructions for the Games. Mexico possessed unusually fine sports facilities before it won the Olympics and has spent a conservative \$44 million on new buildings.

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White Satin
by Sir Robert Burnett

I think the 1967 Green Bay Packer team was the best of the Packer clubs I have played on. I know halfway through the season when we had a so-so 5-2-1 record all you heard was "What's wrong with the Packers?" But I don't think any of the players felt that anything was wrong. Sure, we started off slow, but there were reasons for that.

Remember, we lost two great football players in Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung. Taylor went to New Orleans in a trade, Hornung in the expansion draft. You can't afford to give up ballplayers of that caliber. Both of them were leaders. All of us knew that Jim Grabowski and Donny Anderson had the potential to replace Taylor and Hornung, but we weren't sure they would come around in time to help during 1967. So we knew when we went into training camp that the defense would have to be stronger.

Training camp last year was like all Lombardi camps—well-disciplined and tough—and toward the end of our training season I was sure that this was the best team, overall. I had ever been with. Then, during one of our last exhibition games, Bart Starr got racked up. His ribs were battered and, worse than that, he jammed the thumb on his right hand so that he couldn't throw the ball well. He continued to play, because he can stand a lot of hurt, but he wasn't up to par and it showed in the opening game against Detroit. The Lions have always been tough for us, just like the Minnesota Vikings, and we were lucky to get out of the game with a 17-17 tie. We had four passes intercepted, and usually that many turnovers will cost you the game.

It was a long game for me and for the other defensive players. When the offense can't control the ball, you're on the field about twice as much as usual, and the only reason we held up was the conditioning we went through in training camp. It wasn't much better the next week, when we barely beat the Chicago Bears 13-10. Again, the defense had to hold up for us to win, and it had to hold up for longer than usual.

No one was down on Starr in the early games when he was playing with pain. We admired him. He helped the pride of the whole team. On defense, we geared ourselves to carry an extra load, because we knew we had to give more. All of us were aware from the start of the season that we

continued



CHAMPION ON THE WAY UP

According to the fine Green Bay middle linebacker, the 1967 Packers were the strongest in the history of the team, but the 1966 model will be even better

by RAY NITSCHKE with TEX MAULE

could do something no other pro football team had ever done—be the first team in NFL history to win three championships in a row. We were determined to succeed.

After the first five games we won three, tied one and lost one, which is not bad by score standards, but not by ours. Yet no one was really concerned. We knew that once Bart was healthy and Grabowski and Anderson began to peak we would be all right. We beat the Giants and the Cardinals in the next two games, and some of the talk about what is wrong with the Packers began to die down. Then we played the Baltimore Colts in Baltimore and lost the game in the last minute and a half.

Johnny Unitas is the toughest quarterback in football in the closing seconds of a game in which he is behind. You can read some quarterbacks, but not him. You know Frank Ryan likes a deep post pattern to Gary Collins or Paul Warfield, but you never know what John will do. He beat us with the clock running out, but worse than that, we lost Grabowski and Pitts for the season in that game. Jim got a knee injury, and Elijah tore his Achilles' tendon. They had been carrying most of the running load, but we weren't really down after the Baltimore game. We felt that we had played better ball than the Colts, and we knew when Bart healed we had enough to win. Defensively, we held Johnny U. to zero points for 58 minutes, and that's quite an accomplishment.

I think the loss to Baltimore was a dash of ice water for us. We played Cleveland the next week, and all week during practice you could feel that we were coming around. The loss of Grabowski and Pitts put it on the defense, but we were really up. It didn't look like it at first.

We had planned to take away the long pass and the outside run against Cleveland. We played a little wider to stop the sweeps, and the line was aware of Ryan's favorite pass—the deep post—and when he liked to throw it. In the first quarter Ernie Green broke outside for a 59-yard run to score a touchdown, but after that they were finished. We got to Ryan fast enough so that he could not throw deep, and the corner linebackers and backs contained the wide staff and Travis Williams put them in a hole early by running back two kickoff returns for touchdowns. We got a long lead in the first quarter, and that in

itself made the defense twice as good.

When you get out in front far enough you can ignore the running game, and that's what we did to the Browns, who have two of the best runners in football in Green and Leroy Kelly. What happens when you have a big lead is that your line can tee off on the passer, Ryan, needing more time, had even less, and he had a hard afternoon. We won that game 55-7, and I think we were all pretty sure we were home free.

We went on to wrap up the division championship against the Chicago Bears, with three games left to play. Then we finished the regular season by losing to the Los Angeles Rams and the Pittsburgh Steelers.

Since we had already won the division championship, lots of people figured we weren't really trying in the Ram game, but that's not true. The game was on national TV from Los Angeles, and we certainly did not want to disgrace ourselves or the league. We went all out, and all the front-line players played until the end. The Rams are a strong team physically and their front line had a good day against us, but we were still ahead late in the game when we had to punt.

I can't remember the last time the Packers had a punt blocked. The Rams blocked this one when one of our backs just flat overlooked Tony Gullory coming up the middle. The back is supposed to take the first man penetrating on the inside, but he must have looked the wrong way. They scored on a fake-and-pass play when our defensive back took the fake and let Bernie Casey go. Casey was the only receiver out on the play and he was all alone. We lost 27-24 with 34 seconds to go.

Again, we felt that we were a better club than the Rams, even in losing. We lost again to the Pittsburgh Steelers the next week, but this time Coach Lombardi was resting the veterans and giving the younger players a chance. Bart played one quarter, and Don Horn and Zeke Bratkowski played three at quarterback. Coach did not want to take a chance on getting Starr hurt with the really big game coming up against the Rams or the Colts the next week. The Rams and Colts were playing each other for the Coastal Division championship, and, no matter which team won, we knew we would have a tough game to play. As it turned out, it was the Rams who won.

Los Angeles had beaten us on the

Coast, but we felt pretty sure we would beat them at home when it counted. The Rams are a strong team with a big offensive line. Roman Gabriel is a giant of a quarterback, and he's strong enough to shake off tackles and still get the pass away. He is also so tall that he sees more than most quarterbacks, and that makes him even more difficult to defend against. Les Josephson and Dick Bares are powerful runners, but we didn't figure they would beat us by running.

We had a few things going for us in the second game—the game for the Western Conference championship.

We hadn't given them a complete picture of our offense in the first game. We played conservative football, pounding it out. The second game, we went for broke.

The key to the offense in the second game was taking care of Deacon Jones, who had been a menace all day when the Rams beat us. Coach Lombardi has a theory that if you beat a team at its strength you win the game. So we set out to whip Deacon Jones, and that's just what we did.

First, we ran at him, double-teaming him on sweeps and plays to his side until he became so conscious of the run and run blocking that he hesitated on his pass rush. When he hesitated on the rush he was whipped on the block by Forrest Gregg, and so he was never a factor in the game.

Once you take away the strength of a club you create doubt and confusion. The rest of the Ram defense was wondering what had happened to Jones and why he wasn't getting in on the passer, and they began to hesitate and wait and then they were getting whipped as badly as Jones was. If you can take away a team's confidence by taking away its strength you'll beat the team and we beat the Rams 28-7. It was one of the best games played by any Green Bay team I've been on.

Now we were back where we were at the end of the 1966 season—preparing to play the Dallas Cowboys for the NFL championship. We had respect for the Cowboys, but most of the Packers felt that we would win. As for me, I don't think Don Meredith rates with Unitas or Ryan as a quarterback, although he is a good one. We had a hunch Bob Hayes might be a fair-weather player, too. And you don't get that much fair weather in Green Bay in January.

continued



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The first thing we had to do, though, was to stop their ground game. The year before, in Dallas, when we had to stop them on our two-yard line with seconds to go to keep them from tying the game, Don Perkins had had a great day. Perkins is one of the best running backs in football, for my money. He blocks hard, he hits hard and he has tremendous balance. They like to use him on quick openers and on cross backs against the flow of the play, off the I formation. That puts a lot of responsibility on me as middle linebacker. We made some adjustments to take care of his favorite plays, but it is still harder to prepare a defense for Dallas than it is for anyone else. Tom Landry is a fine coach. He has maybe 30 or 35 different offensive sets, and you have to be aware of all of them and be sure you are in the right position for them. He doesn't really expect to whip you with the sets themselves. What he wants to do is create a moment of doubt, a moment of confusion in the defense. Once he has done that, then it snowballs. You are out of position on one play, then you worry and think too long on the next, and all at once you're all at sea and you're dead. In some ways it's the opposite of our philosophy—beat a club at its strength. We like to say, here's where we're coming and what we're going to do—try to stop us. In the old days, when we used the power sweep, it worked wonders. A club would begin to break down when it set up a defense to stop the power sweep, and we still picked up five or six yards at a crack.

Well, the Cowboys didn't run over us or confuse us, and we handled them pretty well in the first half. Everyone who was at the game remembers the weather—13° below with a 15-mile-an-hour wind, the equivalent, I read somewhere, of 51° below zero. I really didn't notice the cold on my face or my hands. My feet got numb after a while and, when the game was over, I found out I had six frostbitten toes, but I didn't pay any attention to it during the game. The field was all right for the first three quarters, then it got slick in the fourth.

The Cowboys had a good third quarter. They changed the blocking in their line to mess up our keys—the players you read to diagnose a play—but the big shot was an option pass from Dan Reeves to Lance Rentzel for 50 yards and a touchdown. We were ready for

it, but we had a mental mix-up between Bob Jeter and Willie Wood. They are supposed to talk to each other and decide who will cover deep on the option, and they missed signals. Both of them came up, and Rentzel was left all alone.

Actually, you can ring up our victory to Bart Starr. You may remember, we got the ball on our own 32-yard line with four or five minutes to play, and he took us all the way, scoring himself on a sneak in the last few seconds to win 21-17.

All of his calls on that drive were good, but the key came on first and 10 on the Dallas 11-yard line, with 1:11 left to play. He called a play the offense had worked on all week. It was based on Bob Lilly's tendency to be very aggressive, and Bart had saved it until he really needed it.

Lilly is a very quick, strong tackle, and he crosses the line fast and pursues fast. He had been giving Gale Gillingham, our guard, a hard time, especially when Gale pulled to lead a play and Lilly went through the hole he left to run the ballcarrier down from behind.

This time Bart faked the ball to Anderson, going to his right, and Gillingham pulled out and started to his right as if to lead the play. Lilly went through the hole and after Anderson, and Bart handed the ball to Chuck Mercein.

Mercein went through the spot Lilly had left and gained eight yards down to the Dallas three. It was a great call and a daring one, and it was typical of Starr. Nothing bothers him, and he has complete faith in the team and in himself.

We had two days off after the championship game in Green Bay, then we went back to work to get ready for the Super Bowl and the Oakland Raiders. It was too cold to practice outside in Green Bay, so we worked in a high school gym. We didn't get outside until we arrived in Fort Lauderdale a week before the game. Incidentally, we worked out on the field the Yankees used for spring training. It might have meant something a few years ago.

Thus, of course, was our second Super Bowl in a row, and it wasn't quite as exciting as the first. For one thing, we were better able to judge the ability of the Raiders in watching the movies of them because we could compare them with Kansas City, the team we beat in 1966.

I can't honestly say that we were over

continued

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GREEN BAY *continued*

afraid of losing to the Raiders, but we did not take them lightly. One thing has happened to the Packers over the last few years. The team we look at in movies in preparation for a game is almost never like the team we meet on the field. Even the last-place teams bring a special spirit and dedication to their games with us. I think we had a bad first half against Kansas City because we took them too lightly, but this time we were alerted to the fact that the AFL champion was capable of giving us a tough game for a half.

Over the years we have usually been a second-half or even a fourth-quarter club, and that's not only because we are always in very good condition. Most of the clubs we play give it their all in the first half, and, when they find out that they can't dominate us at their peak, they usually have a tremendous psychological letdown in the second half. They lose their poise and character. We play about the same all the way through the game, so it is not that we play harder in the second half but that the other club lets down.

Then, too, we have played together a long time. The individuals on the team have enough experience so that they pick up very quickly what the other team is trying to do, man-to-man, and most of us know what to do about it. That's what happened against Kansas City, and the same thing happened against Oakland. The two games were very much alike.

The Raiders had a good first half, with Darryle Lamonica rolling out and getting time to throw the ball, and at the break we were leading only 16-7. We adjusted for that during halftime by widening the defensive line a little and by blitzing more. We are not a blitzing team as a rule, but it was effective against the Raiders and cut down on Lamonica's passing time as well as confusing his blockers. In the second half I doubt that they gained 50 yards running and passing. They seemed to have the same kind of emotional letdown that hurt Kansas City in the second half, too, and we rolled over them 33-14.

The first inkling we had that Coach Lombardi was considering retiring came on the Friday before the Super Bowl game, after our last practice. He called us all together and told us how proud of us he was and said, almost crying, "This may be the last time we are all to-

gether like this. Let's make the last game a good one."

We'll miss him. He was an amazing man. As a player, I have found over the years that I have to pace myself emotionally as well as physically in preparing for a game. You can't be gung-ho every day at practice. I remember once, the year Chicago won the championship, we were all as high as you can get on Thursday in Green Bay, and we had the best practice we've ever had. On Sunday, in Chicago, the Bears kicked the hell out of us. We were flat and not emotionally ready because we had left the game in Green Bay on Thursday.

But Lombardi was up every day. He had extraordinary emotional drive. He yelled a lot, but part of that was an act for the benefit of the player he yelled at. He seldom yells at Jerry Kramer because Jerry doesn't respond to it. He yelled at me a lot in my early days because I needed it and I was pretty wild. It helped me, and it helped Jimmy Taylor and Paul Hornung and the other players he got on. He infected all of us with his demand for perfection and his dedication to it. You could see the act sometimes, and know it was an act when he went into a rage, but you bought it anyway.

Phil Bengtson [the new Packer coach—Lombardi is now general manager] is an entirely different type. He has been my defensive coach for nine years now, and there is no man I respect more. He simplifies the defense and explains it better than any coach I ever saw. He is a quiet man, unlike Coach Lombardi, and he doesn't lose his temper often. But when he yells you jump, because you know he is really mad. And he can be just as tough and abrasive as Lombardi.

I think this year we should have the best Packer team of all time. With Starr healthy for a full season, Grabowski and Pitts back in the lineup, Mays Fleming at full speed, and with Anderson and Williams carrying another year's experience, we should be much more explosive offensively. I don't anticipate much change in the defense, although we do have some fine young players.

One thing I'll guarantee you. Ray Nitschke will be back. I didn't make any All-Pro club last season or even the Pro Bowl team, but it was the best season of my life. When it was over, my teammates voted me the Most Valuable Player on the Packers.

I can't think of a bigger honor. **END**

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★ U.S. Ambassador to France **Sargent Shriver** won his first Veterans' Doubles match at Wimbledon last week (his partner was Rob Kelleher, president of the USLTA) and told the press, "It was unexpected and an extremely exhilarating experience." One can probably believe the latter half of that statement, and one can certainly believe the former. Shriver had been so certain he would lose that he had made hotel reservations only to the day of the match, and he returned to the Westbury Hotel to find that there was no longer enough room at that particular inn for his entire family. Sargent stayed on, but the Shriver kids had to double up with Davis Cup Captain Donald Dell, and Eunice returned to Paris. Next year, perhaps, Shriver should display more confidence—*or play worse tennis*.

Actor **Robert Horton**, questioned about his sporting interests, was a bit vague. "I used to play a lot of badminton," he said, "but I don't anymore. It's passé now. I don't play golf. It's

the socializing and the small talk that I don't like. I fly an airplane, but that's not extraordinarily exotic; I used to like fencing," he mused, and, just as the interviewer was about to dore off, he added, "There's nothing more aggressive than fencing, including boxing. Fencing is a more gentlemanly way of expressing aggressiveness. It is not just knocking people down, it is killing them."

French politicians have always been a notably unathletic lot, which makes the composition of the new French parliament rather a surprise. Among members recently reelected are Mountain Climber **Maurice Herzog**; Skier **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing**; and a tennis-playing Speaker of the House, **Jacques Chaban-Delmas**. Newly elected parliamentarians include France's best-known Rugby referee, **Bernard Marie**; Tennis Player **Bernard Destremau**; Racing Stable Owner **Pierre Ribes**; Mountain Climber **Pierre Mazenod**; a member of the *Vétérans de Reims* Soccer team, **Bernard Susi**; and former Fencing Champion **Dr. Jacques**



Grandjean. Among other things the French people have demanded lately are more sports facilities and school athletic programs. This sounds like the right government.

Sportsmen may be in office in France, but here the Sports Reform Party still has the election to win. The party, founded and headed by one **George Beiden**, a student at Hiram College in Hiram, Ohio recently held its convention on the village green in Windham, Ohio, where more than 100 delegates decided upon **Casey Stengel** for their presidential candidate, with **Satchel Paige** as his running mate. The convention then went on to choose the Stengel cabinet. **Mendel Bark** **Lemon** of the Globetrotters is to head the slate as Secretary of State, with Mrs. **Charles Shipman Payson**, owner of the Mets, as Secretary of the Treasury. "We know Lemon would have great influence on world political leaders," Beiden explains, "and Mrs. Payson has the loot." The balance of the cabinet includes: Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, **Sonny Linton**; Secretary of the Interior, Pro Football Center **Jim Otto**; Secretary of Defense, **Joe Frazier**; Secretary of Ag-

riculture, **Wrestler Haystacks Calhoun**; Secretary of Commerce, **Johnny Weismuller**; Secretary of Transportation, **Jim Ryan**; Postmaster General, **Ben Hogan**; Attorney General, **Arthur Ashe**; Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, **Minnie Minoso**. Well—consider the alternative.

★ First the Mexican Olympic Committee recruited Artist **Joan Miró** to do the Olympic poster, and now it has asked Poet **Robert Graves** to write a commemorative poem. Graves has accepted, observing, "I don't normally write to order, but there are things to be said about the Games."

Boxer **Joey Archer** and his brother **Jimmy** have just opened a second bar in New York City. Their first, Sports Corner, is an unprepossessing spot—"A dive and a dump," as a regular customer describes it affectionately—with boxing pictures all over the walls. The new establishment, **Joey Archer's Pub**, is somewhat grander. There are no boxing pictures on the walls, and during its first weeks there have been, of all things, Thursday poetry readings. The Archer boys are said to feel that "the sports world should not be so far removed, and is not, from culture." So one **Sayed Haeslin** has been reciting his works against a background of Bach played by a classical guitarist. A contractor at present, Haeslin has dived and dug for gold, waited on tables, been a free-lance writer, spent time in jail and claims to have invented the term "flower power" upon the occasion of his crowning someone with a flowerpot during a riot in Boston. Some among his listeners thought the poetry was lousy, but how much culture does a boxer's bar need?



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Rose wins a Japanese waltz without Matilda

Lionel Rose, the powerful pipe-smoking aborigine, traveled 5,000 miles from his home in the bush and then did 15 fast rounds of roadwork trying to catch up with the dancing Japanese challenger for his bantamweight title



The small dressing room in Budokan Hall was full of jubilant, backslapping Australians who had come all the way to Tokyo to watch Lionel Rose make a successful first defense of his world bantamweight title.

"It's a national 'ero now for sure," one of them yelled.

"We were very, very lucky," said Shirley Rennie, whose husband is Rose's trainer and manager. "When I myself got knocked down in the second round I thought, 'Oh my, we've had it.' It was a very difficult fight."

"It was a chase, really," said the compact little aborigine. "I had to chase him and chase him."

Rose's first defense of the 118-pound title that he won in this same hall in February from Masahiko (Lighting) Harada was more like a marathon race than a boxing match. Before the fight Jack Rennie had said that Rose enjoyed aggressive opponents, and since the challenger, Japan's Takao Sakurai, was strictly a defensive specialist, he expected some problems. Sakurai, who turned pro after winning the bantamweight gold medal in the 1964 Olympic Games, had won all of his 22 pro fights with a natural left-handed style and agile footwork. For 15 rounds, Rose, glowering and frustrated, was in constant pursuit of the shifts, backpedaling challenger whose main weapon was a very fast left-right combination counter. As he danced, Sakurai missed few opportunities to pepper Rose's face and body with this combination, but the punches lacked the power to really damage.

The only knockdown came when a countering left caught Rose flush on the chin, knocking him back onto the seat of his pants. But instead of pushing his

momentary advantage, Sakurai remained on the defensive despite the thunder of encouragement and pleading from the highly partisan crowd of 8,000 Japanese and thereby lost his one chance to win the fight. Rose said later, "I wasn't hurt. I didn't lose my senses. I was very much surprised, though, that he decided to remain cautious."

Still, for the first six rounds Sakurai's hit-and-run tactics worked. Rose's face and body were turning red, and a small cut opened above his right eyebrow. In the seventh, however, Rose caught the challenger with a solid left hook that bounced him into the ropes and then dug a hard right into Sakurai's middle as he tried desperately to escape. From the ninth on, the tide turned completely. Rose began scoring to the challenger's head and body and by round 12 it was evident that Sakurai was running out of steam. He could not keep out of Rose's range, and Rose scored repeatedly as Sakurai's counterpunching decreased in direct proportion to the champion's stepped-up attack. The last two rounds were a rout. Sakurai unashamedly ran and, when Rose caught up with him, hung on in desperation.

The decision, a foregone conclusion, was, nevertheless, surprisingly close. Scoring by the maximum five-point-per-round system, Referee Nicky Pope, a civilian employee of the U.S. Army in Japan who has officiated at many fights there, had it 72 to 71 for Rose. Japanese Judge Ken Toyama saw it 72 to 70 and the second Japanese judge called it a draw at 72 to 72.

Rose received a standing ovation. With his pleasant relaxed manners and clean powerful fighting style, the dinky Australian had established his popularity with the Japanese fans when he beat Harada. When he arrived in Japan he is a substitute for Jesus Christ, who had

DUCKING SAKURAI stays out of Rose's range as American Referee Nicky Pope keeps score

backed out of the fight with Harada because of contract disagreements, Rose was completely unknown. The bout sponsors gave him and the Rennies small cramped quarters at a downtown hotel in Tokyo. But by the time he had beaten Harada, Rose was almost as popular as the Japanese champion.

This time Rose had spacious quarters in a big resort hotel on the seaside at Chigasaki, about 40 miles southwest of Tokyo. In the low-ceilinged, curved sitting room of the suite, Rose slept peacefully on a divan covered by a white sheet. Against a wall, on a table next to a small refrigerator, were an electric burner, thermos jugs, frying pans, dishes and other utensils. As she did before the Harada fight, Shirley Rennie cooked all of Rose's meals. "Lionel likes his food plain without all those spices and flavorings," she said. "The hotel people were kind enough to look the other way." Shirley was also able to arrange for a supply of

Australian steaks from a Tokyo importer, instead of caring along a boxful as she had been obliged to do the first time. And Rose brought his own sparring partner with him, a left-handed Australian named Jimmy Bell.

"It certainly makes a difference whether you're a champion or just another fighter," said Jack Rennie. Both he and Shirley were amazed at the sudden popularity of their protégé. Shirley was also a little worried. "I don't want it to change him," she said. "I keep telling him that there is nothing as fickle as public fame." Rose understood this but liked to tease Shirley by pretending he didn't. "Oh, he's a cheeky one," she said, smiling indulgently at him. "But you must remember he is still very young."

At a press conference after the Sakuragi fight, Rennie announced that Rose would have nontitle bouts in August, September, and October and defend his

title for the second time in December. He has already signed a contract with Los Angeles Promoter George Parnassus for Rose's August fight in Los Angeles against one of three Mexican fighters to be selected by Parnassus. The three are Chucho Castillo, Ruben Olivares and Joe Medel. For his second title defense, probably in Sydney, WBA rules demand that Rose meet the No. 1 challenger, who, at the moment, is a tough Korean named Won Suk Lee.

In a Tokyo hotel room cluttered with baggage, bouquets of flowers, baskets of fruit and hordes of friends, Rose was kept busy answering phone calls from Australia and talking to newsmen. Relaxed and smiling, as always, he admitted to no great ambitions. "Naturally I want to get as much out of this as I can, because it won't last forever," he said. And when his boxing days are over? "I want to expand my snack bar in Melbourne. It's a good business." **END**

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A one-fly angler who always travels light

There is no fussing about when Richard J. O'Connor takes to the stream. He is burdened by none of the usual paraphernalia, just a rod, reel, waders and a supply of Rio Grande Kings—the fly that has everything

In that immortal angling treatise, *The Dry Fly & Fast Water*, the late George M. L. La Branche describes the Alexandra, a silver-and-red English wet fly that represents "absolutely nothing in insect life (at least to the eye of man)." Yet, La Branche continues, "Its effect upon trout has been so deadly that it has been suggested by many English anglers that its use should be barred upon some streams."

Today, in the stall-simon-pure world of angling for trout with a fly, there are some who would like to see another fly,

the Rio Grande King, banned from all trout streams, especially when it is being fished by Richard J. O'Connor. A 52-year-old career bachelor and the regional manager of Sabena Airlines in Denver, O'Connor must be ranked as a superpursist among fly-fishermen, for when this happy Irishman approaches a trout stream, only his 7½-foot tonkin-cane rod and his well-worn hip boots show him to be a fisherman. He carries no creel or net, nor does he wear a fly vest stuffed with boxes of dries, wets, streamers, nymphs and all the other paraphernalia normally associated with fly-fishing for trout. Instead, O'Connor carries only one small Plexiglas box of Rio Grande King Hair Wings—fluffy, nondescript flies that do not resemble, or even imitate, anything in a trout's diet. But on the end of his waxy, 2.5-pound-test tapered leader, this no-account fly (O'Connor thinks it looks more like an "old reprobate, or maybe a miniature skunk," than anything else) has accounted for thousands of big trout in a wide range of waters throughout the world—Colorado's South Platte, the Test, England's famous chalk stream and the venerable Beaverkill in New York, to name but a few.

"I've had so much success with the Rio Grande King over the years that it's really embarrassing," O'Connor says. "I lay no claim to being a better fly-fisherman [he is, of course, an expert in the art] I use the fly in size 10 or 12 which is fairly big, and fish it either wet or dry, but always with a floating line. It is not superior to any other pattern. It's really just a glump fly."

Actually, O'Connor uses a variation of the Rio Grande King with short hair wings (flytys call it a rude fly). It is tied with a black chenille body, dark brown hackle, golden pheasant tail and tufts of white calf or deer hair for wings. "It is not a wild color pattern like the

Parmachene Belle," says O'Connor, "or a match-the-hatch like the Ginger Quill or the Green Drake. But I like it because I can follow it easily in the water and I think that trout can see it better than a lot of other patterns."

The exact origin of the Rio Grande King is uncertain. One trout-fly historian says it is really a Black Coachman which someone "promiscuously" renamed the Rio Grande King. In the past two seasons, O'Connor has bought 76 dozen Rio Grande Kings from Dan Bailey, the flyster from Livingston, Mont., who makes up the hair-wing variation especially for O'Connor. Bailey thinks the fly may have originated in Colorado. "What I do know for certain," Bailey says, "is that it resembles nothing more than the fancy of the flyster and the fisherman. I have no idea why trout would fall for it, except that in O'Connor's case, it is being fished by a very skilled man." O'Connor first used the Rio Grande King on the Musconetcong River in Beatyestown, N.J., when he was 12. "I don't remember whether I found it in my dad's fly box or bought it at the local tackle store," he says. "But I caught trout on it, and I've used it every where since I fished on the chalk streams in England. I fished at least a dozen times on several of these waters during the war. It was rough fishing. You often have, as on the Test, a pure white-chalk bottom, and the trout there are terribly spooky. But the Rio Grande King produced just as well as the classic English patterns used by my boss."

Then there was the day several years ago when O'Connor fished the Gunnison in Colorado during the willow-fly hatch. For three hours in the morning, he impaled live willow flies on a bare hook and caught a bunch of trout. For three hours in the afternoon he used the Rio Grande King and caught another bunch of trout. That evening in a cafe, he lis-

continued



O'CONNOR WITH HIS 13-POUND BROWN



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FISHING *continued*

tened to other fishermen discussing the merits of willow-fly imitations turned out by various flytiers. "I was not about to put in my two cents' worth," O'Connor recalls. "I mean, there I was, fishing this old reprobate right in the middle of one of the most famous stone-fly hatches in the U.S. and catching as many trout as everyone else."

O'Connor thinks this experience (and many others like it) proves a point about fishing mayfly hatches. "There is great satisfaction in the mystique of precisely matching the hatch and catching trout," he admits. "And who could begrudge the fisherman who gets a boot out of collecting hundreds of fly patterns, whether he catches fish on them or not. But I fish for big, hungry trout. So let's say there is a big hatch of black gnats—or green drakes, quill gordons or anything else—on the water. Now even with a perfect imitation, what chance do I have of catching a good fish when I'm competing with 20,000 of the real thing? A sizable trout sees all these bits and crumbs coming at him and then he sees a good-size hunk of meat—the old Rio Grande King. More often than not, he'll take the meat."

The very success he has enjoyed with the Rio Grande King has bugged O'Connor for a long time. So a few years ago he conducted several experiments. In one he filled a fish tank with water and put a mirror on the bottom, suspending two miner's headlamps, waterproofed with paraffin, in the tank to simulate the sun. Then he took some dry and wet flies: Rio Grande King, Grey Hackle, Grey Hackle Yellow, Royal Coachman and several other bright patterns—put them in the water and looked down in the mirror. "Now I'm not color blind," says O'Connor, "but all I saw were grays, blacks and variations of the two. The conditions, I figure, were roughly the same as they would be on a sunny day when a trout has strong light shining down into its eyes."

Suspecting that trout may be "color confused," O'Connor made another experiment. He bought tablecloths in red, orange, blue, yellow and white and tested the reactions of trout to them at a trout hatchery in Colorado. Mrs. Evelyn Seaman, wife of a fisheries biologist, wrapped a tablecloth around her shoulders—completely covering herself in front—and walked slowly down between the rows of trout tanks. O'Connor

continued

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FISHING *continued*

nor stood at the opposite end of the tanks, out of sight, and observed. "At both hatcheries," says O'Connor, "the only reactions from the trout came from red and orange. The fish immediately became uneasy, scurrying around and swimming away from Evelyn."

What do either of his experiments prove? "I haven't the faintest idea," O'Connor admits whimsically. "It may show that certain colors bring out certain reactions in trout. But I still don't know whether the attraction of the Rio Grande King to trout lies in its form or in its color, or both, or neither."

To be perfectly honest about the whole thing, the reason that the Rio Grande King attracts trout—at least for O'Connor—is that he is a master of the "precise presentation," which involves the accurate reading of a piece of trout water, the stealthy stalk (O'Connor often makes a crawling stalk, which explains why his hip boots are always worn through at the knees), the pinpoint cast and the feel for setting the hook at just the right instant. O'Connor has one more thing going for him, according to Cal Queal, the former outdoor editor of *The Denver Post*. "He talks to the fish," says Queal. "Sometimes soothingly, sometimes endearingly, sometimes with quiet but finely articulated profanity. I am not absolutely certain, but I suspect he intimates fish..."

These days O'Connor does most of his intimidating of trout on two sections of leased water (17 miles of stream in all) located two hours by car from downtown Denver. To protect O'Connor from poachers (and me from O'Connor and the seven other Denverites who share the cost—about \$365 a year per man—of fishing these trout-rich waters) it can only be said that (1) both leases are on the South Platte River, which winds through lovely Alpine-basin country in the Rocky Mountains, and that (2) both leases support wild and stocked strains of browns, rainbows and brookies.

The fishing is purely sensational. "We can afford to set our standards pretty high," O'Connor admits. "We allow only dry and wet flies, strictly for empirical reasons, and we think that to qualify as a fish, a trout must be at least 12 inches. This means that when one of us says he hooked and played 30 trout in a day—and that happens frequently—he has caught 30 trout over 12 inches, at least half of which are in the 2½-to-5-

pound category, with maybe one or two even bigger. Of course, we are spoiled. It is not everywhere that a man can count on catching several trout a year well over five pounds and then put them back. At the risk of sounding maudlin, damn it, there is a special sense of pride in releasing a trout that big."

The biggest of the big trout, naturally, are not released. Thus it was on one of the leases, a narrow, 4½-mile stretch of water meandering through lush hay meadows, that O'Connor caught, on October 6, 1963, four brown trout weighing a total of 36 pounds 15 ounces—on the Rio Grande King. The biggest brown was a hook-jawed male that weighed 13 pounds five ounces.

"I saw the female first on a gravelly spawning bed," O'Connor recalls. "I made five casts before she spooked off. But I knew the old man had to be hiding nearby under the cutbank. So I started throwing the fly blind and letting it sink just under the surface as it drifted close by the cutbank. Suddenly there was an audible *glub*. I couldn't see the fly, but I set the hook anyway and he was on. The fight lasted 40 minutes and he took me straight downstream for a half mile. When I finally got my hand in his gills and dragged him up onto the bank, I reached into my shirt pocket for a cigarette. The whole pack was like putty. Then I felt water pouring out of my boots. I had been in up to my chest without realizing it."

It was not the biggest trout O'Connor has ever conned with the Rio Grande King. Several years before, on the same stretch of water, he hooked an unbelievable brown that he estimated at 18 to 20 pounds. But before O'Connor could collect himself, the trout had almost stripped his reel. As O'Connor tried to head the fish off, he tripped and fell in a boggy place. The leader parted a few seconds later.

O'Connor still insists that there is nothing supernatural about the Rio Grande King. "If there is a message here," he says, "it is that the old reprobate produces well for me because I fish more than the next guy. Furthermore, I don't fool around changing flies. I keep this one in the water all the time, and that's where you catch trout. There is one more thing. With apologies to all the match-the-hatch fanatics, a trout has a brain roughly the size of a pea. So how much can he really know?"

END

"I'll try a gallon."





Australia's Peter Thomson, who has won the British Open five times, has made himself an unpopular figure among American pros with his criticisms of U.S. golf and its rich tour. Thomson does not care. He is too busy with his own diverse interests—books, music, being a responsible father to his daughters and son (left) and encouraging the growth of golf in the Far East. His supreme goal, however, is entirely personal—to win the British Open for the sixth time, something only Harry Vardon has ever before done. This week of Carnoustie in Scotland, Thomson will get his chance

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON

A Loner's Crusade



There is an air of exquisite self-confidence and impenetrable security about Peter Thomson, the fluid-swinging Australian golfer. His neat, magnificently curly hair and his ruddy, passive features, which resemble those of an aging cherub (going on 39 in August), add to the impression of unflappable self-control. Even his home in Melbourne is the house of a man well-set in his own values. It is a stately Victorian town house, with a

brick wall about the manicured yard, white carpets laid on dark oiled floors inside, a living-room bookcase filled with the titles of Leo Tolstoy, Arthur Koestler, Shakespeare, a collection of prints of Sidney Nolan's paintings, selected writings from Pynchon over the last 100 years. A stereo tape machine constantly wafts the symphonies of the London Philharmonic through the house, and Thomson's pretty blonde wife Mary says, "Peter is

continued

terribly interested in music. When he's home he is constantly listening to his tapes and when I talk he says, "Shishishishish." I sometimes wish he played cards instead." Thomson admits to an intensity toward the classics, but his passion is characteristically well contained. "I suppose Gustav Mahler is my favorite," he said. "For one thing, he is a composer a layman can understand. And I like him because he had a limited output and an amateur like myself can master it."

The same fastidious selectivity—a kind of executive detachment—marks the golf career of Peter Thomson. In recent years he has shunned the rich American circuit as if it were a crude and vulgar circus. "I find it quite difficult to get myself excited about what I consider lesser events—including some of the \$100,000 variety," he said not long ago in Melbourne. Rather than playing regularly in the U.S., he has spent much of the past eight years helping to organize and vitalize a tournament tour in the Far East and the Middle East. "I had to put myself up as the principal offering when it started," he said. "It is necessary to have a healthy circuit outside America because there are too many golfers to have just one circuit in the world." A cool man, Peter Thomson—not at all cherubic.

But, of course, for even the coolest of men there is bound to be some One Thing that stirs the soul, heats up the blood, twangs the heartstrings. It might be women, oil wells, owning a Rembrandt, running barefoot through rubies. Peter Thomson has his One Thing, too. Although he does not sound emotional or even terribly interested when he talks about it, he does not equivocate. "It is my life's goal," he said, "to win the British Open again. I have been preparing myself for it from the beginning of January. I started concentrating on how I wanted myself to be for the Open, and ever since I have been conditioning myself physically, mentally, gollyingly. I'm egotistical enough to know that my best is quite good enough to win."

He does indeed have the *guts* to go with his ego. This week when he cracks

out one of his patently unimpressive drives (low, not very long, but almost inevitably accurate) off the first tee at Carnoustie, Scotland, he will be trying for his sixth British Open championship. Five times between 1954 and 1965 his best was quite good enough to win. And if, perchance, the past months of concentration have put him into proper form to win again, he will equal the record of Englishman Harry Vardon as the winningest player in the Open's 108 years. That, of course, is a worthy "life's goal" for any golfer, for Harry Vardon reached the status of a full-fledged legend 50 years ago and scored his Open victories in the days of big-time golf's incubator infancy between 1896 and 1914. Since then only Walter Hagen and Bobby Locke, with four wins apiece, have even come close.

Although the money to be made there is a comparative pittance in golf's affluent '60s (just \$7,200 for the winner), any meaningful mark put on the history of the British Open is of inestimable value, for it has an ancient history

indeed. It began in 1860, barely a decade after the revolutionary gutta percha golf ball had replaced the old leather-covered, feather-filled lump that Scotsmen had been beating across the moors for 300 years. Like Britain herself, the Open has survived wars, depressions, the demise of empire and a couple of devaluations of the pound. Unlike the nation, however, the Open has been subjected to a foreign invasion in the last century, which, if not outright insulting, is at least cause for a slight pain in the patriotism. In the last 30 years only three Englishmen have won the tournament, and none since 1951.

But if any un-Englishman must have a go at the record of their beloved Harry Vardon, the British would probably just as soon it were Peter Thomson, he is quite their cup of tea. In 1957 Queen Elizabeth conferred membership in the Order of the British Empire (M.B.E.) on him. Besides being an unflagging loyalist to the Queen's Commonwealth ("Wherever I go, I'm aware I'm an Aus-

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MOORE



When Thomson is relaxing with his books and man, the word around the house is, "Shishishish."

tralian first, a golfer second"), Peter has also stuck assiduously to the cautious, exacting brand of golf so dear to the hearts of the purists who play England's austere, gorse-by-the-sea golf courses. The flamboyant, Big Shot game that is so effective on the U.S.'s lush, well-watered landscapes is the antithesis to Thomson's way. "For reasons of my build and my style I find it more to my liking on seaside links," he said with typical analytical detachment. "The major difference between British courses and American is that the ball bounces as far as it rolls in England. In America it doesn't. I greatly prefer close turf because I strike my shots hard downwards and I get a lower line of flight than most. Playing British-style courses requires extremely delicate judgments, rather more exacting assessments of each shot. It is not a question of fixing your eyes on the flag and swinging. It is a more sensitive game."

Now, Thomson is quick to add that he does not think that "any more skill is required to do well on British courses; it is more a matter of adaptation. If I'd played all of my golf on the American circuit, I think I could do as well as any good golfer should, and, of course, the likes of Nicklaus and Casper and, to a lesser extent, Palmer, would do well in Britain." And he insists that he has never meant to be hypocritical of American golf in general, that he is simply pointing out the *difference* between the courses and the style of play in England and the U.S. "Yet many American golfers have long felt that there was at least an implicit put-down in Thomson's attitude toward them."

The few times he has been in the U.S. recently he has held himself well clear of the hail-fellow-well-met aspects of social life on the tour. "I was probably the only friend he had," says Jim Gagem, who was PGA tour manager during the late '50s when Thomson was playing in this country. "He was pleasant enough most of the time, but you couldn't get close. He was aloof, a loner—and others probably felt that he considered himself above them." A couple of years ago Peter was widely quoted

when he said, "I have always been one to keep Americans at their distance. I can't understand the attitude of [fellow Australian] Bruce Devlin, who has become one of the gang." Americans have replied in kind. Last fall, just before Arnold Palmer was to play Thomson in the finals of the Piccadilly World Match Play Championship, he told the press, "I like to beat anyone I'm playing no matter who he is. But I guess you could say that all U.S. players especially enjoy beating Peter." (Which Palmer did, to many U.S. players' especial enjoyment.) And last year, at St. Andrews, Thomson was playing in the Alcan International Championship while, at the same time, 19 other golfers were involved in the more prestigious Alcan Golfer of the Year Championship over the same course. When it was over, Thomson had won his tournament (for a \$6,000 purse), shooting a 281 that was two strokes better than Gay Brewer had done in winning the Golfer of the Year competition (and \$55,000). At the closing ceremonies Thomson snapped crisply into the microphone, "I find it a little embarrassing to have shot the low score with all these Golfers of the Year here, maybe I should just be called Golfer of the Week." Whereupon Mason Rudolph, speaking for the defense, took the mike and retorted in his easy Tennessee drawl, "I enjoyed the golf Peter Thomson played this week. I've played on the U.S. tour for nine years and this was the first time I've had the pleasure of seeing him win a tournament."

Of course, it is undeniable that Peter Thomson has been less than dazzling on the U.S. tour. In all of the American tournaments he entered (and in the '50s that was almost everything), he has won just one—the Texas International Open in Dallas in 1956, which carried a hefty (for then) \$13,478 winner's purse. He finished in the high money often enough and gained a reputation as a sound and, occasionally, even superb golfer. In 1956 at Oak Hill he led the U.S. Open at the end of two rounds and seemed on his way to being the first non-American to win that tournament since Briton Ted Ray did it in

1920, but Peter faded to a 75 in the third round and wound up fourth. At the Masters in 1959 Thomson was shooting reasonably good, if not brilliant, golf through the first three rounds, when suddenly he was struck by the same kind of rule-book lightning that felled Roberto De Vicenzo in Augusta this year. In Peter's case, however, his partner-scorer, Chuck Harbert, scribbled in a lower score on one hole than Thomson actually had made and, when Peter signed the card (which had the proper total), he was instantly disqualified. "I don't know how well I would have done," he says now, "but it just so happens that the man I was tied with was Art Wall." Who just so happened to win the Masters that year.

That scorekeeping rule is "absurd" to Thomson's way of thinking: "If they're going to persist in having players do the scoring, then the marker should be the one penalized." Yet there is a strong, old-fashioned streak of fundamentalism in Thomson's view of golf. And even though the omnipresent vigil of television makes it bluntly impossible for pros to cheat even if they kept their own cards, Thomson thinks it would be utterly improper to change the rules to fit that particular reality. "All rules of golf must apply to all golfers," he said. "Since most golfers are club players, not pros, then the rules must of necessity disallow a man from keeping his own score. We mustn't forget that the important people playing golf are the club players, not the pros." Has pursuit created some antagonism on the U.S. tour in the '50s when nearly all of the American pros were eager to do away with a rule that prohibited marking your ball when you reach the green, Thomson was outspokenly opposed, on grounds that in *this* kind of golf "you place the ball on the tee and you pick it out of the hole later and in between you do not touch it." Nevertheless, the rule was eventually dropped—along with Peter's U.S. popularity rating.

Characteristically, Thomson is also a devotee of match-play tournaments over aggregate-stroke competition, again be-

continued

cause in his mind it is plainly a purer test of a golfer—his psyche as well as his physique. “In head-to-head play the stronger personality wins out, if Americans did more match play there would probably be no more than six or eight tournament winners a year instead of 20. Frankly, I enjoy *losing* in match play almost more than I enjoy winning in stroke play. I must say, it always amuses me to hear a chap boasting, ‘I finished fourth, four strokes back.’ Either you win or you lose—and fourth place, four strokes back, is losing. I think it’s regrettable that U.S. players don’t have more match-play competition. But, of course, such tournaments are notoriously unreliable for getting big names through to the final day when the biggest crowds turn out.”

Now, people who know and like Peter Thomson are quick to volunteer (unsolicited) that he is not a pompous prototype of Colonel Blimp, that he is not an Australian-bred combination of stuffed shirt and stiff upper lip—as some of the people he has alienated have come to believe. “He’s a fair sebastian,” said Jack Merrick, executive secretary of the Victoria Golf Club in Melbourne where Thomson is the home pro (for a salary of \$10 a year). “He does have that superconfidence about himself, of course, and he speaks in those clipped sentences and he isn’t very outgoing. But that’s his right to be, isn’t it?”

Thomson is by no means a laugh-a-minute conversationalist, but there is nothing remarkably pompous or up-tight about his private life—particularly around his Melbourne home. He has three lively, handsome children, Andrew, 7, Peta Ann, 5, and Fiona, 3 (another daughter, Desire, 14, from his first marriage, lives with her mother). Because he is gone as much as seven or eight months a year, they all but smother him in rowdy demands for his time when he is home. He is concerned that his travels should not keep him away more than six or eight consecutive weeks, “because that’s more time than any responsible father should inflict on his children.” Mary Thomson is a cheerful, outgoing woman, casual and candid in her con-

versation. “You know, Peter is really rather an amateur at heart,” she said. “He is in golf for the sake of winning, in a way, rather than for the money. You know, even when he’s home he plays socially two or three times a week with his cronies. We have little cups of coffee—lots of little cups of coffee—when he’s home, and we talk and talk. He’s terribly smart and well informed, you know. He wins all these trophies, but we really don’t believe in trophies much. There are a couple shoved in the children’s playroom, I think. Usually when the cups come here, I remove that big wooden base, you know, and take off the medals and things and I turn the writing on it to the wall and use it as a vase.”

People who know and like Peter are also quick to say that he is not an arrogant and reclusive egotist who refuses to mingle with other touring golfers because he feels intellectually their superior. Of course, the chances are that he is the intellectual superior to many, for he is a broadly cultured man. He is an avid reader (autobiographies and political tomes rather than fiction). He is a close personal friend of Australia’s former Prime Minister Robert Menzies, the man who, as Peter puts it, “led Australia into the 20th century.” When he is in Europe he frequently attends concerts in Milan’s La Scala opera house, and in London he regularly goes to London Symphony performances and to the music festivals that are so abundant in England. When he is not in Britain he has a friend tape the major concerts of the London Symphony and ship them to him in Melbourne. And on the tour he “makes it a point” to visit art galleries most everywhere he goes, although he does not have a large collection as yet (“Everything I fancy is way too expensive”). True enough, it is a rare occasion when he bellies up to the bar with the boys on the tour. “I prefer being by myself, as a rule,” he says. “I read or listen to music in my room; it is preferable to talking about the same old things with the same old people night after night.” As Mary Thomson says, “Peter is really quite a solitary sort. As

a youngster he much preferred playing by himself. Some people may not understand it, but he rather enjoys his own company and his own ways.”

His own way has taken Thomson along a rather odd route in his golfing career although it began routinely enough. His grandfather gave him a two-iron when he was 12, and he began flogging about a nine-hole course in Melbourne; he won the championship there when he was 15. He impressed some members of the classy Victoria Golf Club enough so that they wangled a junior membership for him there in 1946 (he was from a working-class family and could not afford the dues himself). To the astonishment of his friends at Victoria, he decided in 1949 that he would turn professional. At the time he was considered by some to have a far more promising career as an apprentice industrial chemist than as a golfer. Although he had won the Victorian state amateur championship, he had never been champion of his own club. “He had a four or five handicap when he came here,” said W. A. Flavell, a longtime member of the Victoria Golf Club. “He was good, all right, but he seldom practiced. I was really quite appalled when he asked me what I thought about his becoming a pro. I gulped and told him I thought maybe he should finish his studies in chemistry first.”

Just 19 at the time, Thomson ignored the advice. “I felt I was getting better and I was young enough to try the adventure,” he said. “For one thing, it meant travel, and I knew well that it would be about my only chance for that.” His first mentor, Harry Young, a member of the Victoria club, and his first close friend in professional golf, Australia’s fiery little Norman Von Nida, both encouraged him to try playing professionally. He managed to pick up a few pounds here and there those early years, winning the New Zealand Open in 1950—a title he now has won seven times—and in 1951, the Australian Open, a championship he was unable to win again until just last year. Chock-full of that superconfidence, he headed for the British Open in 1951. “When I first left

Australia I invested all my savings. I had a bit of help from a sporting manufacturer, but there was no question about it. I had to win enough money myself or I couldn't afford the fare to come home."

Astonishingly, he finished tied for sixth in that first British Open. In 1952, a mere scrawling of 22, he finished one stroke behind Bobby Locke, and in 1953 he was runner-up to Ben Hogan. Then in 1954 on the hard-baked Royal Birkdale course he switched from a driver to a three-wood on the tees, punched out a series of frighteningly short but deadly accurate drives and won by one stroke over Bobby Locke. The following year at the St. Andrews Old Course, Thomson scored a blazing 281, which broke Bobby Jones's 1927 record of 285 in Open competition on the Old Course. And in 1956 at Hoylake, England he breezed to his third consecutive victory in the Open (an unprecedented feat), winning by a solid three strokes over Belgian Flory Van Donck. The next year he did not win—but he finished second to Bobby Locke by three strokes. And in 1958, back in form again, he came through in an exasperatingly pressure-filled 36-hole playoff with Welshman Dave Thomas for the championship (they had tied with record-breaking totals of 278 after the regulation tournament). In the first 18 holes Peter cracked out a spectacular 68, but Thomas was hot on his heels with a fine 69, both scored 35s on the third nine holes. Going into the last nine with that scanty single-stroke lead, Thomson scored birdies on the first two holes, kept up the pressure while Thomas' putter was turning cold and wound up winning by a full four strokes.

Unbelievably, Peter Thomson, only 28 years old, had finished either first or second in the British Open for *seven* years running. Which is the kind of monopoly they used to bring suit against.

In the next few years Peter faded a bit in his British Open performance, and it wasn't until 1965 when he nipped defending champion Tony Lema back at Royal Birkdale that he got himself on the winning track again there. But in



Thomson, sponsored by JCB, left, with a 2000, continued to "bring home for New Drills

the nighttime he had become a kind of combination father image, patron saint and chief box-office dollar draw for that exotic but almost uncharted golf terrain loosely known as the Far East Tour. Thomson became involved out there around 1960, at a time when, as he put it, "about the only really good golf they had seen was in exhibitions by people like Walter Hagen." The whole South Pacific was a gargantuan backwater for golf. No more than 50 golfers would turn up for such events as the Hong Kong Open, the Philippine Open or the Singapore Open; prize money was seldom enough to cover travel expenses for the entries, and there was absolutely no coordination between tournaments

in terms of making a convenient travel pattern for the few competitors who did have the wherewithal to move from country to country. The circuit, as such, did not really come into being until the early '60s. "My part of the bargain was largely just to appear as a name attraction," said Thomson. "But we also worked hard with the various national PGA's to arrange the tournaments so that a player could buy one airline ticket to cover the whole tour, and we worked to get the prices up, of course. I think the average tournament totals around \$15,000 now, with about \$2,500 being the average winner's money. The best players make maybe \$10,000 or \$12,000 a year. That is paltry by U.S. standards.

continued



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Peter Thomson *continued*

of course, but it is an enormous income in Asia." There are now seven annual Opens on the circuit—Philippine, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, Hong Kong, Formosa and Yomiuri. There are also irregularly scheduled tournaments in New Delhi, Djakarta, Pakistan and Nairobi, Kenya. "It is still utterly minor league, of course, compared to America," said Peter, "but the growth of the circuit has been quick and spontaneous. It'll never equal the U.S., but there have been some exciting changes. Most important is the rise of the Oriental golfers. The tour, such as it was, used to be dominated by Australians. Now at least 80% of the regulars—there are around 100—are Orientals. In 1967 they won six of the seven Opens, and this year they won five."

Although many people have been deeply involved in building a viable tour on the other side of the world, it is rather widely agreed that Peter Thomson was the man who made it work. "Peter's reputation, his mastery of the game and the glamour of his presence boosted the image of the circuit like nothing else in the early days," said one official. A reporter in Bangkok, a close friend of Thomson, said, "Of course, Peter does make quite a lot of money as he goes around checking up that the clubs are stocking his golf equipment. But for all that, we know that without him we would still be playing a lot of tournaments without coordination and without the professionals who now find it worthwhile to come."

Ironically enough, Peter's game has not exactly defoliated the jungle around Far East fairways. He won the Yomiuri Open in Tokyo in '62, the Philippine Open in '64 and the Hong Kong Open in '60, '65 and '67—but he is really a superstar in name only. There are some people who criticize him for simply strolling through the last couple of rounds in a tournament if he feels that he has only a slim chance to win (that, of course, is not entirely out of character with a man as detached and self-contained as Thomson is). But playing around the Far East is not exactly like dawdling through a Sunday's 18 holes at Winged Foot ei-

ther, for the hazards there can be really *lethal*.

"Oh, there is not great danger, of course," said Peter. "Kenya is the only place where animals are a serious problem. A few months ago three lions took up residence on the Karen Golf Club in Nairobi and players were advised not to play the 13th and 14th holes. Also, they have quite fierce swarms of bees there. If you hear them coming, you must throw yourself on the ground, it just won't do to stand up and flail your club at them, you know. And an odd snake or two is seen in some places. A chap killed a cobra on the green during a pro-am tournament in Bangkok this year. Then, in Delhi, there are jackals on the course toward evening, but they are quite harmless. Delhi has had a problem with some rather ferocious monkeys, though. They don't really attack, you know, but they do menace the golfers, charging toward them with their fangs bared and chattering."

And if the fauna is occasionally troublesome to golfers, the flora of the Far East courses is a constant bother. The layouts range from top class to rather primitive," he said. "Any old local grass will do so long as it's green, you know. For the best of us, making a three-foot putt is no more than an even-money chance, and 34 or 35 putts around are very much an average. Their apathy toward course designing borders on ignorance because a lot of people have never seen a course anywhere else and they think theirs are quite splendid." (One of Thomson's major investment commitments now is as vice-president of South Pacific Golf, a Melbourne-based firm now busy designing courses in the Pacific. He spends some of his time at home actually designing architectural layouts for courses.)

Thomson also mentioned that he has been "rather worried" on occasion about being bombed while playing in Bangkok, of course there is a Thai air base that is a major launching point for U.S. planes going on bombing missions over North Vietnam. Thomson is philosophical about the political turmoil in the area. "Golf goes on, you know," de-

continued

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Peter Thomson *continued*

spite wars. They still play in Saigon."

Upsetting—and unrewarding—as Far East golf may seem on the surface, Thomson does not feel deprived. "I lack no sympathy," he said, "because I do as well financially and keep as much afterward as any but a dozen of the U.S.'s top professionals. I also believe that helping put this tour on a sound basis has a rather important moral worth, too. Most of the Oriental pros who are now making money on the circuit are using it to give their children a better education and lift them out of their class. Education is, of course, the most important thing in these underdeveloped countries, you know. A lot of old racial prejudices and national hatreds are being eased, too, because of this international mixing in golf. For one thing, there is an entire absence of resentment against the Japanese as our tournaments. And the old colonial thinking in which the white establishment deliberately discouraged natives from bettering themselves is no longer a viable force—at least not in golf."

Despite his monetary and moral satisfactions, Thomson has not had a good golfing year—mainly because he sprained his left wrist during the Thailand Open in March. "I slept one night in cold air conditioning with my arms outside the blanket," he said. "The next day when I swung, I tore some ligaments—a damned silly thing, you know." In the course of seeking some therapy, Peter ran into a number of fine old occult Oriental and African prescriptions. A magician in Shanghai mumboiled inscrutable oaths while twisting the wrist. A Peter Sellers-like doctor in India gave him vitamins and told him to lay off curry; a white hunter from Rhodesia gave him a copper bracelet and told him if he promised never to take it off he would be cured; and a friend in Kenya said that wearing a loop of elephant hair ("which is about as tough as chicken wire") around his wrist was a "very nearly infallible cure."

Finally some plain, mundane, modern, deep short-wave heat seemed to do the trick, and Thomson hit the U.S. tour in June—playing in the 500 Festival Open, the Canadian Open and the Spanish

continued

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Peter Thomson *continues*

Open. He tried to qualify for the U.S. Open but failed by a stroke. But it didn't really matter a great deal, for to Peter all of it was essentially just a part of his long, intensive preparatory ritual for the British Open ("I always like to play in three or four important events leading to the second week in July"). Whether he can achieve his sixth title there is not something a tightly analytical man like Peter Thomson would deign to promise, yet he is not pessimistic. "I have been through a pattern of maturing in recent years," he said recently. "I played very well as a youth, then I went through some kind of a change of life. I somehow got into a bad state mentally for a time, and I played very badly for several years. I suppose that as a youth I had on blinkers, then I must have become rather self-conscious of the people around me and the successes I had. It was a time of insecurity. But now, in my late '30s, I feel more powerful than before—mentally powerful as well as what I call *golflingly* powerful. I suspect—and I certainly hope—that I have five or seven more years of golf ahead of me. They could be my best years, you know."

As for this year's British Open, Peter Thomson will have his self-confidence working beautifully: "One has a feeling that he is going to win certain tournaments—especially if you've won before. Right now I feel so fit, as if this were my year again." *The intellectual judgments will have been properly made.* "I think I tend to do instinctively the things that give me the best results, but I feel that I have done away with many of my recent insecurities." The detached appraisal of his condition will have been done: "If I have no viruses or illnesses and if my wrist is well, I should do well."

And yet when all the dispassionate analyses are done and this very cool Australian has measured his own being as meticulously as he can in terms of the manner and the mathematics of being a British Open winner for the sixth time, he grins boyishly and says, "Of course, the stars must be right or I don't have a chance."

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

In BOSTON (8-0), Fenway Park's short left-field wall is supposed to be a graveyard for left-handers, but Red Sox lefies Dick Ellsworth, Sparky Lyle and Juan Pizarro would give you an argument. The three led the Sox back into the first division by amassing five victories, all at Fenway. Ellsworth won twice as a starter while Relievers Lyle and Pizarro took the other three with 15½ scoreless innings in which they allowed only three hits. DETROIT (7-1) cloaked 18 homers, including five by All-Star Catcher Bill Freehan, and Denny McLain won his 15th and 16th games as the Tigers opened up the biggest midseason lead in the league since the Yankees of 1958. CLEVELAND (5-3), which already has the best pitching in baseball, has come up with another stopper in rookie Vicente Romo. Romo has not given up a run since joining the Indians in June, and last week he won his first big-league game with five innings of two-hit relief. Led by Dave Leonard's three-hitter, BALTIMORE (5-3) pitchers seven times beat opponents to five or fewer hits, but they could not stop the Orioles from falling 10½ games behind Detroit, as the hitters averaged just .210. Ed Strou's .625 average and Mike Epton's three-run pinch homer paced WASHINGTON (3-3) to its best week in a month. Bobby Cox and Roy White used that old Yankee weapon, the clutch, late-inning homer, to help NEW YORK'S (3-4) Mel Stottlemyre pick up two wins. With the White Sox still firmly locked in ninth, it is open season in CHICAGO (3-4) on Eddie Stanky. Wrote one reporter: "If there is one man to blame for the helpless position in which the White Sox find themselves, that man is the manager, Eddie Stanky." One of CALIFORNIA'S (2-6) long snits was

supposed to be its relief pitching, but it has turned out to be the Angels' weakest spot. After the bullpen staff allowed 25 runs in 24½ innings last week there was not a reliever with an ERA better than 3.90. With MINNESOTA (3-7) skidding again, Twin Manager Cal Ermer benched All-Stars Harmon Killebrew and Rod Carew in favor of Jack Hernandez and Rich Reese. The nomstars each collected a pair of hits and sparked a four-run rally to give their team its only win. OAKLAND (1-7) fell out of the first division as the hitters slumped to .200 and the pitchers allowed 4 9 runs a game.

Standings: Det 35-23, Clew 47-29, Bal 43-27, Bos 42-38, Minn 29-42, Chi 25-43, Ca 21-43, NY 38-43, Cin 34-44, Wash 30-47

NATIONAL LEAGUE

A wild pitch that allowed the Dodgers a run cost Bob Gibson his chance to end Drysdale's records for consecutive shutouts and scoreless innings, but that was just about the only mistake ST. LOUIS (7-0) made all week. Led by Gibson's two wins, including another shutout in the game after his streak was stopped, the Cards outscored their opponents 24-10 and opened a lead of 10 games, just half a game short of their 1967 pennant-winning margin. When Ted Abernathy joined CINCINNATI (5-2), he told Manager Dave Bristol, "I've got to pitch often." With the Reds matching their best week of the season, Abernathy was doing just that. He appeared in all of the games, won two of them and ran off 11½ innings without giving up an earned run. Infielder Felix Millan, one of two ATLANTA (4-4) regulars hitting over .300, returned to the lineup after a two-week absence and promptly lifted his slumping team back from fourth to second with

four hits, including a game-winning double, in a Braves' sweep of a doubleheader. PITTSBURGH (4-5), behind Bob Veale's two-hitter, moved briefly into second, but could not hold it when spot Starters Luke Walker and Tom Sink were bombed in both games of a doubleheader with CHICAGO (6-4). The Cubs scored plenty of runs (46), but should have had more. In one loss they left five men stranded on third, a display of nonhitting in the clutch that prompted Manager Leo Durocher to order \$10 fines for batters who fail to drive runners in from third with less than two out. PHILADELPHIA'S (5-4) regulars at shortstop have averaged .226 since 1963. Now Roberto Pena, who raised his season's average to .309 with a .385 week, is offering a pleasant change. NEW YORK'S (3-5) four young starters all lost in the same week for the first time, so veterans Al Jackson and Don Cardwell moved in to prevent a Met collapse by winning their second and third games respectively. With the exception of Juan Marchal's 15th win, it was a dismal week for SAN FRANCISCO (2-5). The Giants slipped from third to fourth as the heart of the batting order—Willie Mays, Willie McCovey and Jim Hart—averaged just .246. HOUSTON (3-5) used pitching—Denny Lemaster's four-hitter—to win one game, and hitting—16 hits and 13 runs—to take another, but saw precious little of either for the rest of the week as the Astros were outscored 26-14 in their losses. LOS ANGELES' (1-6) hitting was 29 points higher than its season's mark of .225, but that was no help as the Dodgers left 55 men on base and averaged only 2.1 runs while losing five games by two or fewer runs.

Standings: StL 34, StP 32, Cin 42-39, Atl 43-40, SF 42-43, Phi 40-41, Pitt 35-45, LA 41-44, NY 28-43, Chi 38-45, Bos 35-48

HIGHLIGHT

Cleveland's Luis Tiant used to have a problem with what batters call "lollipops"—those soft pitches batters find so sweet to hit. In four major league seasons, Tiant, who looks like Brooklyn's Don Newcombe and can throw just as fast as Newk ever did, unraveled from his hard pitches often enough to keep him from winning more than 12 games. This year is different, and everything the 3'11", 194-pound Cuban throws at hitters is sour. Tiant has already won 14 games, pitched a league-leading seven shutouts and run up the league's best ERA of 1.24. Although his greater reliance on his zipping, rising fastball has been mostly responsible for his success, Tiant, who has always had a varied repertoire of deliveries, has helped himself by adding a new touch to his style. The cigar-chomping 27-year-old is us-

ing a copy of Satchel Paige's "vestition pitch" that twists his body away from the plate and leaves his face looking skyward just before he throws. This delivery hides the ball from the batter until the instant it is released and has a psychological effect as well. Says one outfielder, "It has to be disturbing. Luis seems to be looking at the moon, and all of a sudden the pitch is by you." In the past Tiant frequently tired toward the end of games. He now runs laps on the outfield on off days to build up his endurance. Last week, so sure that he has given up his bad habit of throwing late-inning sucker pitches, he fanned three in the 10th as he shut out the Twins, striking out 19 in all. Added to 13 strikeouts in his previous win, he set the major league record for strikeouts in two consecutive games with 32 and the nine strikeouts in the game before that tied him at 41 with Sandy Koufax for three games.



LUIS TIANT: NO MORE LOLLIPOPS

20

No American tourist strolling today through the grounds of Eton—England's most famed "public school"—could fail to be impressed at the quiet dignity of the scene. "What a perfect spot for study," he might say as the hordes of aristocratic young scholars, white-tied and tailcoated, stride languidly past, their Latin and Greek textbooks under their arms.

Yet, scarcely a century and a half ago aristocratic Eton was as squalid a ghetto of scholastic horror as one could find. Wellborn as its inmates were, the only meat served to them at commons was overripe mutton of the cheapest cut, and to live on their diet the boys used its bones for the catching of fresh and succulent rats. When one floor was taken up for repairs in 1858, two cartloads of mutton bones were removed. One enterprising group of 19th-century scholars kept a sow hidden under the roof and, when she farrowed, they ate the suckling pigs.

The boys shivered in vast, unheated buildings unimproved in hundreds of years. Bullying was rife, and it was the established privilege of certain senior boys to chastise their juniors with rubber hoses. Only just abandoned in the early 19th century was a time-honored custom that on one very special day of the year the boys should surround a ram and batter it to death with wooden clubs. It might be thought that the headmaster and his assistants would take steps to control the amount of mayhem in the school—but not when the headmaster was Dr. John Keate.

Dr. Keate was undoubtedly the most brutal and bloodthirsty flogger who ever put hand to birch. He was a stocky 5-footer with flaming red hair and huge shaggy eyebrows that he almost seemed to use as pointers for demonstration. He was nicknamed "Baffin" from the noise he made in his irate fits of coughing. A brilliant classical scholar, he was convinced that every Etonian was a perpetual liar: "You're hardened to falsehood," he would say angrily, in a voice that has been likened to the quacking of a duck; meanwhile, his fingers would wrap themselves gleefully around the bound handle of a bundle of stinging birch twigs. Day after day, guilty and innocent alike were paraded before him; after a brief and biased trial, his victims were deprived of their striped trousers and held down by a school official over the traditional wooden flogging block

Die for the Old School Tie

In 60 bareknuckle rounds at England's most famous school, a wellborn Whiglet battered a young Tory to death by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

while the Doctor warned to his work. Should the punishment call for more than six strokes he would call for a new weapon, the cost being charged to his victim's parents. When a certain boy could not be found for execution, Keate would seize a passerby of the same surname and perform on him. One persistently maltreated boy called Micklethwaite challenged Keate to a duel and was expelled for his insolence.

One afternoon, while the rest of the school pelted him with rotten eggs, Dr. Keate publicly birched no fewer than 80 boys. At that time many of the young scholars held commissions in the British army. Parents found that buying a captaincy for their 15-year-old, who was promptly put on leave with half pay, was quite a help with the school fees. This quaint custom was an added filipp to Dr. Keate's inflated ego. One day he was heard to boast: "This morning I have flogged 20 captains, 10 majors and a colonel."

Three times, at least, the students were in a state of open rebellion against the Keate regime, pouring gunpowder into the headmaster's candle snuffers, refusing all orders and parading with placards that read "Floreat Seditio" or "Long Live Sedition!"

It was in this atmosphere then that on the last Sunday of February 1825, a boy called Charles Wood had a tiff with the Honorable Francis Ashley-Cooper, fifth son of the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury. The cause was a minor one: the possession of a certain seat at 2 o'clock prayers. After the service a prankish group of Etonians had playfully pushed Wood to collide with Ashley-Cooper. In the venerable cobbled quadrangle of School Yard, closed in by the ancient buildings of College, by the double turrets and clock of the 16th-century Lupton's tower, the boys exchanged a few small blows. But it was Sunday, and the captain of the school intervened firmly; arrangements were made for a formal

fight to be staged the next afternoon, just after evening chapel.

So it was that at 4 o'clock on the chilly Monday a group of several hundred tailcoated and top-hatted Etonians formed a human ring at the traditional fighting spot, beside the south end of the great brick wall where Eton's unique Wall Game is still played. Both combatants were stripped to the waist. Francis Ashley-Cooper, a shrimpy built, handsome boy of 14, looked a poor match for Charles Wood, who stood a brawny half-head taller, was getting on for 15 and already sported an incipient mustache.

Yet, during the first few rounds the nimble action of the younger boy seemed to give him a good chance. With darting feet and incisive handwork he was able, time and again, to dodge in under Wood's hefty guard and plant his fists on his opponent's chest and face. At the end of the fourth round Ashley-Cooper offered his failing opponent the chance to end the fight; but Wood refused. His persistence may have resulted from the fact that he was missing an appointment with his tutor. Whatever the reason, the tremendous pace of Ashley-Cooper's energetic footwork soon began to tell, and by the 10th round Wood was visibly gaining. In round 11 he lunged in with a hammer blow; his naked, clenched fist swung hard into Ashley-Cooper's temple; the boy went down to lie motionless on the ground. Charles Wood's supporters cried out in triumph that surely their man had won.

It was all very disappointing for the spectators. Here they were, with a half holiday to ensure freedom from more classes, and the wretched fight was over in less than half an hour. But the oldest of three Ashley-Cooper brothers at the school had an idea. Someone had already obtained a six pennyworth of brandy to rub the fighter's aching knuckles between rounds. Seizing the bottle, the senior Ashley-Cooper continued



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Old School Tie *continued*

thrust its neck into the unwilling mouth of his brother and tilted it upward. The boy gulped, hiccuped and rose unsteadily to his feet. "We will have another round," said his second. "We are in no hurry." Ashley-Cooper was soon gamely lashing out once more at his larger opponent.

According to the pugilistic custom of the day, a round went on until someone was floored; after an interval the fighters would mutually agree to start again. Ashley-Cooper was soon in a worse way than before. A shock of tousled hair fell over his blackened eyes; the pallor of his lithe young body was accentuated by the angry red blotches and purple bruises on his chest and ribs. Yet, with bloody nose, bruised lips and fingers puffed up like mushrooms, he stood up for round after round. There was more to the fight than a matter of schoolboy honor. Ashley-Cooper's father, the earl, and Wood's father, a colonel and member of Parliament for Brecknock, Wales, were sworn political rivals. Each time young Francis struck out at Charles Wood it was a blow for Toryism against the notorious radicalism of the Whigs. The very reputation of the Tory party and of the ancient Shaftesbury name depended—or so Ashley-Cooper must have thought inside his poor battered skull—on what he did that afternoon.

By dusk and the 60th round, onlookers could see that the two contestants were near exhaustion and able to keep upright only by a massive effort of will. For 25 minutes they had lurched opposite each other with feebly flailing arms, hardly a blow being landed. But in one last effort Charles Wood swung his whole body toward Ashley-Cooper. After a few seconds of near-embrace the smaller boy fell backward to the ground. Wood's knee striking him brutally on the head as he, too, collapsed, Wood pulled himself unsteadily to his feet; but Ashley-Cooper lay motionless. The fight was over and the crowd dispersed.

But for the larger world outside Eton, the affair was just begun. When not even more brandy could revive the prostrate form of the vanquished boy, his two older brothers, Henry and John, carried him across the road to his boardinghouse, an ancient warren of a building under the supposed care of the Reverend Dr. Knapp. They took him to his room, meeting on the way one of the



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housemaids, Dorothy Large Miss Large took one look at the bleeding schoolboy and offered to send for a doctor; Henry Ashley-Cooper assured her that his brother was perfectly all right, or at least would be as soon as he woke up. To report the matter would mean disclosing that his brother had been drunk.

But Francis Ashley-Cooper would never wake again. When, some four hours later, someone thought after all that a doctor should be called, the boy had ceased to breathe.

As soon as the news reached the world, there was an outcry. *The Times* published a leading article in typically thunderous terms, and the more sensational papers printed every squalid detail of the mess. "The seminaries of our noble youth are converted into boxing schools," complained one editor. "We admit that it is out of the power of the masters to prevent lads fighting," commented another, "but we think they might be prevented from killing each other."

Oddly enough, no one seemed to blame Headmaster Keate at all for his scholar's death. There was much criticism of Henry Ashley-Cooper and his friend Alexander Leith, the dead boy's second, for providing the brandy, of a party of horsemen, returning from some hunt, who had passed the fight but had not seen fit to interfere: of the Rev. Dr. Keapp, whose house was within 20 yards of the fight and who had been dozing in his armchair throughout it.

Charles Wood's father visited Eton to apologize on his son's behalf. Lord Shaftesbury sent his secretary down to remove his remaining sons from Keate's care. Soon afterward young Wood and his second were haled to court on a charge of manslaughter. "That you, Charles Alexander Wood, Gent., stand indicted for having, on the 28th of February last, in the Parish of Eton, in this county, unlawfully and feloniously assaulted the Honorable Francis Ashley-Cooper, and that you, Charles Alexander Wood, with both your hands, did beat the said Honorable F. A. Cooper on the head, and strike him to the ground, and did thereby cause the rupture of a large blood vessel, of which mortal wound he died, and that you, Alexander Wellesley Leith, was then and there present; and did the same Charles Alexander Wood comfort and assist in the felony and manslaughter, of which

continued

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Old School Tie continued

he stands charged," ran the indictment.

The two terrified boys pleaded "not guilty" and wondered at that moment if they would ever return to the comparative pleasures of Eton College; but Lord Shaftesbury proved himself an utter nobleman and refused to prosecute or encourage any prosecution witnesses to appear. The accused returned that day to Eton; and the only public trial of the affair was that in the coroner's court.

There, the jury viewed the battered little body. Listened to several accounts of the fight and heard a surgeon testify that in his long career he had never seen so much blood running loose in a human brain. When one Etoman stated that Francis Ashley-Cooper had been dosed with no less than half a pint of brandy, the coroner, by name Charsley, uttered a remark that must hold pride of place in any collection of legal futilities: "Nonsense! He could not have drunk so much neat brandy. Why, that would have been sufficient to have killed him."

Six days later Dr. Keate himself conducted the funeral service in the school chapel. For many Etomians it was their first sight of a coffin; Ashley-Cooper's corpse was interred in a vault under the organ loft, where the grave still stands today. Dr. Keate appeared to feel little remorse; rather, in his address, he blamed the senior boys for not interfering. "Not that I object to fighting in itself," he added. "On the contrary, I like to see a boy return a blow."

It would be pleasant to end this tale with an account of a comprehensive government inquiry into the state of the school, a new system of periodical inspectorship and the dismissal of Dr. Keate. But it was not for 40 years that a Commission of Enquiry was sent to Eton, part of an investigation into the conduct of nine leading schools. And as for Dr. John Keate—he remained as headmaster another nine years after the death of Ashley-Cooper, until his retirement in 1835, continuing his rule by burch as if nothing had happened. When at last he retired, after 25 years of vicious dictatorship, Etomians, present and past, clubbed together to buy him a magnificent collection of silver plate worth at least £600. Dr. Keate was so moved that he silently took off his cocked hat at the moment of presentation: a gesture he had never before made. **END**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE BLACK ATHLETE

Sirs

As a member of the daily sporting press, I would like to commend Jack Olsen and the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for the beginning of what promises to be a revealing, shocking and moving look at the Negro in American sports (*The Black Athlete: A Shameful Story*, July 1 et seq.). Olsen's work promises to be one of the most important sports documents written.

Perhaps it's time that members of the daily press, like myself, took a hard look at the racial problems in our own spheres of influence. Examples: the insidious quota system which poisons many professional and collegiate teams; the reluctance of traveling secretaries to room Negro and white ball-players together and the refusal of the powers to recognize the legitimate heavyweight champion, a Negro, because of his political and religious beliefs.

Perhaps we can substitute, "What can I do?" with, "When do I start?"

BRIST MURRICK

Chicago's *American*
Chicago

Sirs

I'm white. The message in the first installment of Jack Olsen's series was a long time coming from any national medium, sports or otherwise. Better late than anticlimactic, so a measure of thanks is in order. Going back 15 years, I remember two exceptional Negro football players at Penn State being openly referred to by student body and faculty alike as "eight-semester sophomores" (Both were lucky enough, and good enough, to have extended NFL careers after "graduation").

I would like to see more black athletes majoring in education. My education Olsen's piece is exemplary of the kind of classroom and these black teachers would need to get through to most of us, the thickheaded majority.

ROBIN C. NELSON

Chicago

Sirs

Jack Olsen's new series, in its excellence, forces one to look into the entire structure of amateur athletics. His criticisms apply, too often, to all athletes, though more so to black athletes.

Many of the current ills go back to high school athletics. Since it is largely supported by local taxpayers, the only justification for high school athletics is that it be educational. If something is to be educational, it must change or reinforce young people, it must make demands. Too many high school

coaches let boys feel that the sport needs them more than the boys need the sport. Too many coaches rationalize keeping a boy "in the team," because they say it will get him a scholarship or teach him some values. Any true values must be transferred into daily living, otherwise they are empty and hypocritical. There is already too much emphasis on "getting" getting a scholarship, getting an award, getting into college (even though this may not be a student's greatest need).

The sports world has shown that black and white can achieve together, it can credit itself with no more. Black and white also get hurt by the same kind of selfish thinking on the part of leaders in athletics and in institutions.

In a survey that I conducted 10 years ago most university presidents indicated that they justified athletic proselytizing as being necessary in order to compete and to pay off stadium construction. Can't we expect higher purpose from our universities? Can't we expect better moral and academic preparation of teen-agers by community schools and leaders?

CHARLES BRONZ

White Plains, N.Y.

Sirs

Congratulations on your contribution to the myth of the Almighty White Man. As they say on the sports pages, us white folks can do it all. We forced Don Smith to steal jewelry and toys instead of books, we made Robert Buford play pool instead of learning English, which he doesn't like, and we warned the black people of Rayville, La. that there would be trouble if they tried to speak the language like their cultured, white neighbors. Yes, we did all of that, and now we feel guilty as hell about it.

And anyone who has the temerity to suggest that it is presumptuous for the Almighty White Man to express such guilt when he could not possibly have done all that he claims to have done, well, that person is just going to have to suffer through the next four, breast-beating installments, right?

GEORGE WHITE

Washington

UP DOWN UNDER

Sirs

After reading your report regarding the way the Australian public reacted to Lionel Rose winning the bantamweight championship of the world (*The Original Aboveboard*, June 24), I would like to add a few comments. You say there was "Dancing in the street, kissing, shouting and singing." It was obvious that you know nothing of the char-

acter of the people who live here. If you tried to kiss an Australian chap, he would either kick you in the rear or belt you on the ear—whatever was the nearest. As for singing and shouting, Australians are far too casual. A few "Good on yer, mates," a few beers on the result and quite a few beers to celebrate is the limit.

Now to some sporting facts. From a population of some 10 million spread over an area big enough to take in at least eight European countries—including the United Kingdom—we have produced two recent world boxing champions and have won the Davis Cup in tennis a great many more times than the Great U.S.A. over the last 15 years. We have won more than our share of Olympic gold medals per head of population. The Rugby League team just beat France 20-2 to win the World Cup.

You probably think from reading this I am dinkum Australian. Actually I emigrated from Scotland 18 years ago, after serving for three years in the British navy—during which time I visited America. Having met your people and having found them to be like most people—good blokes—I would like to extend them a welcome to this great country. Someone once said, "Go West, young man." I would like to say, "Come East," no matter what age you are. You will never regret it.

Please notify me if you print this—being a Scotsman I'd hate to buy a copy for no reason.

JOCK MCCUGNESS

Enfield, South Australia

HEART AND SOUL

Sirs

Now that your newscorpsman has identified Soul (TIME, June 28), may I send a nominee to SI?

Ted Williams got Soul

And the Sound of Soul? Why, man, fans heard that in any ball park Ted was batting in, only we didn't know what it was.

Thank you for *Having War in My Life* (June 10 et seq.).

KATHRYN POSTER

Brookfield, Wis.

Sirs

As a fan who has sat in Fenway Park's left-field seats for 20 years, I would like to say something as a representative of the Williams hickies. Though we booed him, swore at him and threw things at him, we all recognized Ted for what he was, the greatest hitter (clutch or otherwise) of all time. Teddy Ballgame can play on our team any day!

ROCCO ANTONELLI

Somerville, Mass.

continued



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15TH HOLE *continued*

ASSAULT ON BATTERY

Sirs:

Baseball's greatest failing is the dominance of pitching and the decline of the 300 hitter (*The Season of the Zero Hero*, June 17). But instead of putting the blame on night games, travel and the slider, or further penalizing the pitchers for doing what they are paid for, let's penalize the hitters—or rather, let's force them to hit.

In games of June 13-15 major leaguers amassed 1,492 at bats, and scored 178 runs on 421 hits, for a cumulative average of 249 (box scores from a couple of late West Coast games were not available). One more statistic: there were 291 strikeouts! If we could cut down on the number of strikeouts, more hits would be produced, but the hitters would rather forgo singles and doubles in order to swing for the fences.

Subtracting the strikeouts from the times at bat (431 hits in 1,494 times the ball was hit) yields an average of .300. In other words, when bat meets ball, all of baseball hits .300. But can baseball legislate these extra hits? The best hitters will all agree that bat control is an essential factor in good hitting—but bat control almost vanished with the onset of small, lightweight bats. The solution, then, is to pass a rule specifying maximum bat weight and diameter, thereby forcing many hitters to use a heavier bat, forget the roundhouse swing and concentrate on making solid contact with a shorter swing. The obvious result is more hits, while the natural long-ball hitter would continue to produce the home run (heavier hitters use heavier bats, anyway).

E. M. FIENBERG

Framingham, Mass.

Sirs:

I do not doubt that the big munts, bigger parks and tall grasses hinder the batter, but I do feel the large parks could help the hitters if they didn't try for the long ball. Outfielders must cover more ground in a large park, which means that a lot more balls would fall untouched. Thick grass will make infielders harder to pick up. The munts do rob hitters, but why should they complain? They're the ones who use them.

JOHN G. PORR

Orange, Calif.

Sirs:

To help even things up for the batters, they could give the grass a crew cut, make outfielders catch barehanded, move the pitcher's mound to the outfield, outlaw the curveball, fastball, knuckleball and slider and outlaw hair oil. Please don't outlaw the home run.

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